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BRIGADIER-GENERAL MICHAEL CORCORAN, LATE COLONEL SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

GENERAL CORCORAN.

On page 545 we present a portrait of Brigadier-General Michael Corcoran, whose release from captivity has been one of the most interesting events of the past week.

General Michael Corcoran was born in Ireland, but came to this country at a very early age. He engaged in various employments here, and at the time the war broke out was employed as a clerk in the New York Post-office. He had always evinced a fondness for soldiering, and had risen, by his attention to drill and his devotion to the interests of the regiment, from the rank of private to that of Colonel of the Sixty-ninth Regiment New York State Militia. He first rose into notice when the Prince of Wales was here, by refusing to turn out his regiment in honor of the nation's guest. His conduct at the time was the subject of severe animadversion, and he was even court-martialed for it. It will suffice to say that for that offense no one will be disposed to censure him now. If Prince Albert Edward were to come here to-morrow, there is not a Colonel in the service who would willingly pay honor to the heir to the throne of a country which has treated us as England has done during the past year. At the outbreak of the war Colonel Corcoran was one of the first Colonels who reported a regiment ready; and early in April, 1861, the gallant Sixty-ninth marched down Broadway 1300 strong. They were stationed for some time on Arlington Heights, where they left a substantial token of their visit in the shape of Fort Corcoran. Their term of service expired on the 20th July, and they were then entitled to return to their homes. But a battle was imminent, and after a heart-stirring appeal from Colonel Corcoran, the entire regiment decided to see it out. At Bull Run they behaved with gallantry, and won the praise of their General. Unfortunately, in the retreat the Colonel got separated from his men, and was taken prisoner. This was thirteen months ago. During that time General Corcoran has endured privations of all kinds, in prison at Richmond, Charleston, Columbia, and Salisbury—suffering slights and insults beyond all imagination; badly fed, badly lodged, badly treated by brutal jailors; constantly deluded by false promises of liberty which were always broken. And now the gallant fellow is back with us again, and ready and eager to fight once more under the glorious old Flag. At his reception at Washington he said:

Soldiers and Citizens:—For this kindly greeting on my arrival I return you my most fervent thanks. Such cheers as those just given I have not heard for thirteen months, nor is it possible for such a cheer to come from any other people than those actuated by the principles which move the men I see before me, marching, as they are, to the maintenance and support of the outraged laws of this glorious Union. There is nothing of the yell of the tiger or hyena in those cheers. They remind me of the cheers I heard on the Fourth of July at Salisbury, North Carolina, for the maintenance of the glorious institutions under which we have lived. [Immense applause.] Massachusetts has always done well, and taken a great part in all the struggles of the past. It does my heart good to see that she has come forth with redoubled vigor with the best of her children, who will, I hope, strike such a blow as will crush the miscreants that have dared to raise the flag of this infamous rebellion. [Cheers, and cries "We will, we will!"] I hope to hear a good account of the men who are now before me. I know I shall. I hope that New York will send forth her thousands to your Massachusetts' thousand, and I am satisfied that, with the hearty co-operation of the other States, we shall soon put an end to this rebellion. Gentlemen, I had hoped the whole matter would have been settled ere now; but I do not regret that I am now here and shall be permitted to take my musket in my hand, if in no other position, and strike one more blow against our enemies. I hope the number that has been called for by the President of the United States will come forward voluntarily and enroll themselves in their country's cause; but I shall not regret if some are obliged to be drafted, for I want a few of the fault-finders—[Cheers and cries of "Good, good!"]—some of the stay-at-home military critics to have an opportunity of displaying their imaginary genius. I shall not be sorry either, for I want to see the lukewarm men, the men who remain at home and mind their business, and after peace is restored by the labor and the blood of their more patriotic neighbors, will be the first to take advantage of every thing good in the country they are unworthy of and unwilling to sustain in the hour of her need. I want those men made to fill up the ranks, and shall not regret if there is no other way of getting them to draft them. [Cries of "Good, good!"] I am glad to find on my return here that the Government has adopted vigorous measures for the prosecution of the war, and that Congress has clothed the Executive with ample power to do so. I trust the President implicitly. I would see him invested with unlimited power to crush the rebellion. The rebels have given to their chief leader dictatorial powers, and we must meet force with force. When the power of the loyal people is put forth now the rebellion will be broken and the Union sustained and restored. Gentlemen, I did not intend to make a speech—[Cries of "Go on, go on!" and cheers]—and will reserve any further remarks I may have to make to a future occasion.

The public learn with satisfaction that the President, in consideration of his captivity and his heroism, has appointed him a Brigadier-General, his commission to date from the Battle of Bull Run.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 30, 1862.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE Army of the Potomac has evacuated Harrison's Landing without the loss of a man or a dollar's worth of property, and is on its way to new fields of battle. We trust that the military critics who so highly eulogized General Beauregard for evacuating Corinth, and General Johnson for evacuating Manassas without being molested by our armies, will render to General M'Clellan his due meed of praise for having, under circumstances of far greater difficulty, accomplished this last evacuation with at least equal success.

Whether our troops ought ever to have gone to a place from which it required consummate generalship to extricate them; whether General M'Clellan would not have acted more wisely in turning back from Yorktown as soon as he ascertained that the civilian commanders at Washington had upset his plans for the campaign on the Peninsula, by depriving him of the army of 40,000 men led by General M'Dowell, are questions which can safely be left open for discussion when the war is over. It is easy to understand the reasons which may have induced General M'Clellan to persevere in his expedition even against the dictates of his judgment. But this is no time to consider them.

What we have to do now is to beat the enemy, and this, with God's help, we are in a better position to do now than we ever were. The Army of the Potomac, consisting of fully 80,000 veterans, will soon be co-operating with the Army of Virginia. Regiments are pouring into Washington at the rate of seven or eight a day. By the 1st September more than the first 300,000 men will be in the field, and by 1st October the second 300,000 will likewise be under arms. We shall then have 1,000,000 of men actually fighting the rebels, and a reserve of fully 100,000 in camp at home to fill vacancies by death. This force, in cool, healthy weather, led by generals of tried courage and experience, ought to finish the rebellion before the end of the winter.

OUR NEW NAVY.

We devoted some space last week to illustrations of three new iron-clad vessels which are being built for the navy. The subject is worth notice in this column. Very few persons are aware that we are building a navy which will not only be more powerful than that of any other nation in the world, but which will be equal in strength to the combined navies of the entire European world.

When the rebellion broke out our navy consisted of 88 vessels, of which 43 were sailing craft and 9 store-ships, leaving 36 effective steam vessels of war. When Secretary Welles made his last report to Congress our navy consisted of 202 vessels, a majority of which were propelled by steam. Included in this list were 23 steam gun-boats of about 500 tons each, all of which were constructed for Government, and have proved excellent vessels for the blockade; 8 larger steam gun-boats, of about 1000 tons each, built by Government (the *Tuscarora* belongs to this class); 10 side-wheel steamers of about 800 tons each, similar in build to the *Octorora;* 37 purchased side-wheel steamers converted into gun-boats; 42 purchased screw-steamers converted into gun-boats; 13 ships, 18 barks, and 20 schooners, all purchased for Government, and now serving either on the blockade or as mortar vessels. For naval warfare in American waters this fleet will compare favorably with that of any foreign nation. In our waters—which are the only ones in which we are likely to engage in naval warfare—the heavy line-of-battle ships of European Powers could not manœuvre. Our light-draft vessels, armed with heavy guns, would sink them at leisure.

But the events of the past year have made it plain that naval battles hereafter must be fought not with the "wooden walls" celebrated in song, but with iron hulls. Iron-clad gun-boats are going to win every naval battle that is won in the present generation. The nation which has the most and the best iron-clad navy will be mistress of the seas.

Great Britain has at the present time three iron-clad men of war afloat—the *Warrior*, the *Black Prince*, and the *Defense;* all large vessels drawing too much water to enter any American port except Portland, or perhaps New York at very high tides. She has twelve more vessels building of the same class; viz., four of 6600 tons, five of 4000 tons, and three of 3500 or 3000 tons. Of these it is hoped that four will be afloat this year. Captain Coles, the man who pirated Captain Ericsson's invention of turrets, is razeeing one or two three-deckers, which will be ready some time next year. Thus, some-time in 1863, Great Britain will have a fleet of iron-clad vessels. Whether any of them will be able to approach any American port near enough to fulfill the threat of the London *Times* and bombard our cities seems doubtful. The *Warrior* could not enter any American port except Portland, even if she could steam across the ocean, which her recent trip justifies us in considering highly unlikely. Recent experiments have, moreover, shown that the plating of the *Warrior* and the other vessels of her class, however efficacious it may be against the old smooth-bore thirty-twos, would not resist the impinging force of a 100-pounder Parrott shot, or a Dahlgren 13-inch solid shot. These projectiles would go right through the *Warrior.* When our forts and iron-clad vessels are armed with these new cannon, therefore, it will be safe to conclude that the iron-clad navy of England will be powerless against us.

France is said to have 6 iron-clad vessels afloat, after the fashion of *La Gloire*, and 11 more on the stocks. These vessels are not more heavily plated than the British craft of the same class, and they have never been to sea. Besides these the Emperor has constructed a very large number of gun-boat-batteries, partially iron-plated, intended to land troops on soil not far distant from the coast of France. These vessels are said to be strong enough to repel shot from old-fashioned smooth-bore guns. As, however, they are not calculated to cross the ocean, they possess no interest for us.

The United States have 14 iron-clad vessels afloat. Of these, 11 are Mississippi River boats, mostly plated with 2½ inch iron, and though very serviceable against forts or wooden boats, not calculated to fight craft like the *Monitor* or the *Arkansas.* Four of these 11, including the *Essex*, Commodore Foote's flag-ship, were purchased by the Government; the others, including the famous *Benton* and *Carondelet*, were built on contract for Government at St. Louis. They are good boats and have done good service, but they are not up to the times. The remaining 3 iron-clads now in the service of the Government are the *Monitor*, the *Galena*, and the *Naugatuck.* The latter is hardly worth enumerating, and is not likely to figure prominently in the ranks of our navy. The merit of the *Galena* remains to be tested. Naval officers, as a rule, have very little faith in her. At Fort Darling, the rebel shot went through and through her 3-inch plating, and many men were wounded by the dislocation of the bolts and nuts which fasten her bulwarks together. She rendered good service to the Union army at the battle of July 1; but we are inclined to think that her future career will not be very active. Of the *Monitor* it is needless to say any thing.

Besides these, the Government is building new iron-clad vessels in every ship-yard in the country. The exact number of vessels contracted for and actually in process of construction can not be ascertained. But it is certain that the following craft are being built:

1. The *Ironsides*, a frigate, 18 guns, plated with 4½-inch plates, nearly ready, at Philadelphia. She will be the most formidable vessel in our navy when she is completed. She carries two most formidable 100-pound rifled guns, and is said to draw only 14 feet of water. If she fulfills the expectations of her builders, she will be the finest iron-clad vessel afloat.

2. The *Roanoke*, razeed from a first-class 40-gun steam sloop to a *Monitor* battery, plated with 4½-inch plates, with three turrets. She will not be ready for sixty days yet, but when she is ready, she will be very formidable indeed. She will carry six 15-inch Dahlgren guns.

3. The *Whitney Battery*, a vessel with turrets like the *Monitor's*, but differing from them in being a ram as well as a gun-boat, in having its sides inclined so as to shed shot, and in having fixed turrets and movable guns. She is only 160 feet long, and will have two turrets, with an 11-inch gun in each. She will be ready for service about 30th September.

4. The *Quintard Battery*, also a turreted vessel, with two turrets and two guns in each: generally very similar to the *Monitor's*. She will be ready in two months.

5. Ten *Monitors*, larger than the vessel which fought the *Merrimac*, each with one turret containing two guns. These vessels will be 200 feet long, and will be improvements in many respects upon the original *Monitor*. The first of them will be ready for service about September 10, and the last of the ten about October 20, if the contractors fulfill their engagement. They are being constructed at Boston, Greenpoint, Hoboken, Jersey City, Chester, and Wilmington, Delaware. Most of them are being built under the direction of Mr. T. F. Rowland, of this city. The three which are being built at Greenpoint are to be named respectively the *Passaic*, *Montauk*, and *Catskill.*

6. Two Ericsson *Monitors*, of 320 and 340 feet in length, the former with one, the latter with two turrets. These vessels will be the most powerful vessels in the navy. They will be so built as to secure a high degree of speed, and will be very serviceable as rams, being, as Captain Ericsson says, capable of splitting an iceberg. They will carry 16-inch guns, which are being cast specially for them at Pittsburg. These vessels will be ready in the course of next summer; they would be able to sink such vessels as the *Warrior* in short order. They have been named by Mr. Lincoln *Puritan* and *Dictator*.

7. Ten iron-plated gun-boats for service on the Mississippi and Ohio, drawing 2 feet water, plated with 2½-inch iron, and carrying 2 heavy guns. They are to be ready in about six weeks.

8. Three river *Monitors*, to wit: the *Chillicothe*, 162 feet, the *Indianola*, 170, and the *Tuscumbia*, 170. These vessels will each carry two 168-pound guns in a turret, plated with 3-inch iron. They will draw from 34 to 48 inches.

9. A tremendous ram, 7000 tons, to be built by William H. Webb, of this city, at a cost of $1,250,000. She is to have two turrets, and to be plated all over with 6-inch iron. Her chief use, however, will be as a ram, for which purpose she is to steam 18 miles an hour.

Besides these, there is a large *Monitor* building for service on the Pacific coast, and one or two other large iron-clads contracted for under circumstances of great secrecy by the Navy Department. We presume we are not out of the way when we say that by 1st January next we shall have twenty first-class iron-clads afloat—vessels capable of running any batteries in the world, and sinking, in a short time, any vessels in the navies of Europe. We take for granted that, if it became necessary, the large iron-clads which Captain Ericsson and Mr. Rowland are constructing could sail up the Thames to London Bridge with perfect impunity, sinking every war-vessel they found in their way, and could dictate terms to the British over the ruins of the House of Lords.

We are not building any iron-clad vessels on the lakes, for the reason that the treaty with England forbids any thing of the kind. An effort is being made to induce the Government to widen the locks on the Erie Canal so as to enable our *Monitors* to pass through into the lakes, if necessary. This will merely prove an expensive job. It would be far cheaper and more sensible to negotiate with Great Britain for the independence of Canada, which would render it unnecessary to provide for the safety of our cities on the lakes.

THE LOUNGER.

THE COMING WRATH.

The rebels are certainly frank. They tell us plainly and in the most contemptuous way that they come of a master race, and we Northerners and Northern emigrants of a subject and slave race. They disdainfully declare that they have always ruled us—that they are our born masters—that they have whipped us in like hounds before, and that they will do it again; that we are peddling knaves and cowards, who would gladly sell our souls for sixpence, and who instinctively crawl upon the ground before the chivalrous gentlemen of the South.

Well, fellow-Northerners, they will make their words good unless we believe in ourselves as heartily as they in themselves. They have ranged their class and their civilization against ours. It is useless to disguise the scope of the contest. Their system must be annihilated or ours must. We must conquer and subdue them utterly or they will absolutely overcome us. After sixteen months of war they are flushed with hope and confidence; but their purpose is no stronger now than ever. They have always meant conquest of the North. They hoped it would come by peaceable secession, and then a peaceable surrender of the North under the name of reconstruction. But they believe now that the same practical result can be achieved without separation.

And there is but one thing that can help it; that is, the resolution of the North that they shall be exterminated, if extermination is necessary to our success. And when once we have that deep and inexorable determination, we shall succeed without exterminating them. For we shall disintegrate their society. We shall make the foundations of their social system quiver and shake beneath their feet. We shall fill the sky with blackness over them and the air with terror around them. Rather than that they shall be victorious over this Government and ruin the foundations of civil order, the death and horror and desolation in which they would ingulf us all shall yawn for them. Who are they, and for what purpose is it, that they are to disturb with fire and blood, and infinite loss and anguish, the peace in which we were all living—a peace which provided every peaceful remedy for difference or complaint? They have brought the sword against us. Let them feel the edge of that sword in all its sharpness, rather than that it shall prevail against us.

Not a hair of their heads would we have injured. They laughed us to scorn and called us cowards. Gladly would we have borne and forborne. They sneered with the insolent defiance of the barbarism in which they delight to wallow. For the sake of Liberty we strained Peace almost to pusillanimity. For the sake of Slavery they rushed with fierce joy into the cruelest war. In the name of Justice let them have that war to the utmost.

When *that* is the feeling of this nation we shall not be troubled about M'Clellan's army, nor anxious about the Virginia campaign, nor quaking, as we are at this moment, lest Washington be taken; but the quaking and the fear will be in the hearts of those who, having sworn to save Slavery or die, hear at last the voice of the awaking wrath of Liberty—a wrath which, once aroused, they can no more resist than dead leaves in the forest can withstand the equinoctial gale.

BAT'S VIEWS.

Old Bat, the statesman, who haunts the grocery at the corner of 245th Street, said the other day that he was a better Union man than the President, and he could prove it. "The President," said he, "doesn't like slavery, and would be glad to see it ended. But I am for saving the Union either by carrying Liberty to the Gulf or Slavery to the Lakes."

The Bat school of statesmen is tolerably large. They plume themselves upon their peculiar patriotism. "You Abolitionists," they cry, "are very ready to shout save the Union, when it means destroy Slavery. Are you equally ready to save it by destroying Liberty?"

When they put the question so, they put it fairly; and the reply may be equally plain—we are all willing to suffer temporary deprivations of Liberty for the sake of saving the fundamental law which secures permanent Liberty. It is upon the same principle that we are willing to suffer a painful surgical operation that we may be free from pain afterward. But when you ask us whether, in order to save a Government which was established to secure personal and political liberty, we are willing to be deprived of that liberty forever, you ask an absurdity. You might as well wonder whether, in order to save his life, a man would be willing that his heart should be cut out. That would be the destruction of his life. To save the Government by destroying Liberty is equally impossible.

Honest men are giving their lives, their time, and their money, and mean to give and suffer to the end to save the Union. But what is the Union?

It is a political organization for specified purposes. They are not fighting for the Union merely because it *is* a Union, for it might exist for inhuman and nefarious ends. The combination of pirate vessels into a pirate fleet is a union by which more money might be made than by the separate ships; but it would be a union more despicable and dangerous in the exact degree that it was larger and stronger. The great multitude of citizens are fighting to the death for this Union because they believe with all their hearts in the objects it was founded to secure and in the certainty of its securing them. And the great end of that Union is to give every man the fairest possible chance. In its formation it supposed and intended that by this time all artificial distinctions would have been removed, and that the general equality of opportunity would have secured the general welfare.

To ask, therefore, whether you would not extend Slavery all over the land to save the Union is to ask the supremely silly question whether you would not put out your eyes to save your sight. Remember that the Union is so priceless because by its lawful operation it secures to every man the largest liberty of thought, speech, and action. And it is because the only privileged class in the country saw that the lawful working of the Union was going to secure more liberty than they thought compatible with their continued monopoly of the Government that they are now trying so hard to dissolve the Union. Let us say to them that we will willingly extend Slavery to save it and they will clasp us to their hearts. They say and believe that they are our natural masters. They will be entirely justified in saying so when Bat speaks for the country.

ENERGY NOT CRUELTY.

"You call for severity," says some doubting soul; "but was it ever found that a system of fire and sword in war was a wise system? Is there not common sense in war as in every thing else; and may you not conduct it so savagely as to drive the enemy into desperation, when a more moderate method would have induced them to surrender?"

Certainly you may. But does any body but Jeff Davis and John Bull insinuate that the Government has waged this war savagely? Read any account of the treatment of our prisoners in Richmond, Salisbury, Montgomery, or Charleston, and the filth, the poison, the foul food, the sickening inhumanity of treatment are revolting. On the other hand, do you suppose that the rebel prisoners at Camp Douglas, on Delaware Island, or elsewhere, suffer? Do you suppose Soulé is stifled in indescribable nastiness at Fort Lafayette? Do you not know that our own captains were turned out of their comfortable quarters at Fort Warren to accommodate the wretched old Mason and Slidell; and that the Baltimore prisoners in the same fort received every luxury from people in Boston? Have we boiled bones and carved skulls? Have we hung men of rebellious sympathies?

No: no man will charge upon the Government any undue harshness in the conduct of the war hitherto. It began by declaring privateersmen to be pirates, but its roaring was that of a sucking dove. It has taken thousands of prisoners—many, like Buckner, aggravated traitors. Did it try even that man, that, if found guilty, there might be an example? No; it has exchanged him. With the exception of some guerrillas shot upon the spot like other noxious vermin, has there been any solitary instance of rebel life taken except upon the battle-field? None; none at all.

Nor does any one ask for an inhuman or savage policy now. All that is asked is that we understand that we are at war, and that we use every lawful means of warfare. Having found that tufts of grass and twigs lightly thrown will not drive the enemy away, let us try stones. Having been forced to rely upon war, let us show those who have invoked it that we are more terrible in its use than they; that if they hit, we shall hit harder; that if we bleed, they shall bleed more copiously; that if we suffer, they shall endure anguish.

The severity that drives an enemy to despair is wanton cruelty. It is the conduct of the British in India and China, a conduct in war which makes them the most hated of nations. But British brutality stands alone. The magnanimous Britons alone blow men from the cannon's mouth because they do not side with heartless foreigners against their own country. They alone deliver young wives, nearly mothers, to the disemboweling knife of barbarians. The energy in the prosecution of this war which is demanded by all loyal men is neither torture nor wanton suffering, but the sternest use of every weapon of war.

NO FIGS FROM THISTLES.

THERE has been some question whether General Pope's order for our troops to live upon the enemy, and not to guard the property of rebels, is not an abandonment of the country to the rapine of our own soldiers. Several letters have been printed from the seat of war in Virginia apprehending the demoralizing effect of the order upon our own men, and fearing that all discipline would be destroyed.

But this fear arises from a misunderstanding. The order of living upon the enemy does not mean allowing robbery and ravage of every kind. It means simply that all property within our lines is to be occupied by the military authorities, and appropriated to our use under military regulations, and that when we move all that can not be of service to us shall be destroyed, that it may not serve the rebels. To secure this result it must, of course, be guarded. But instead of guarding it for the enemy, it will be held by ourselves for ourselves. The object of the order is to prevent the protection of property intended to help the overthrow of the Government. The result of it will be the necessity of every man's deciding whether he will take the chance of safety under our Government or under the rebellion.

Two soldiers of our army in Virginia came to a farm-house and begged for some water. The virago in charge said that if they were Confederates they might drink and welcome; if not, they might go hang. Finding the chance hopeless the soldiers went off. The next day the woman sent to our Commanding General for a guard to protect her house and property against stragglers! So when we went into Maryland, the secession districts were overrun with a vast crowd of customers, who paid for what otherwise would have had no sale at all, and paid in gold, which was immediately converted into shot and shell to kill loyal men and destroy the Government. General Pope's order is intended to make such absurdity impossible. To expect to make Union men out of Secessionists by showing them that they may rebel in perfect safety, is as wise as to try to extract sunbeams from cucumbers. It is an alchemy in which General Pope does not believe.

There is one argument, and one only, which will make Union men, and that is the lesson of hard experience that the Government is overwhelmingly powerful and superior, and respects itself enough to make its enemies suffer.

VALLANDIGHAM.

IT is an interesting inquiry why Mr. Soulé is shut up in Fort Lafayette and Mr. Vallandigham is not. Mr. Vallandigham urges people to do what Mr. Soulé has done. Engaged in a mortal struggle for its existence, the Government is straining every nerve, and Mr. Vallandigham exhorts citizens to resist it passively. The friend of the rebel leaders, conspicuous in his subservience to every nod of the aristocratic faction which has brought all the desolation of this war upon the country, Mr. Vallandigham now virtually counsels surrender to their infamous insurrection.

If it be asked if he has not a right to his opinion and to the expression of it, the reply is, that the necessities of war supersede the privileges of peace. The right of absolutely free discussion upon the rights and wrongs of secession was allowed down to the beginning of hostilities by the rebels. The very day after the capture of Sumter, even, there were voices in this city in favor of yielding to the conspiracy.

But when war began debate ended. Open justification of the rebels became, under the changed circumstances, an act of rebellion. Words were things. Orators who tried to deaden public ardor, newspapers which strove to paralyze the national arm by every kind of appeal to ignorance and prejudice, were dealt with, and justly, as conspirators aiding and abetting. The man who endeavors to turn aside the officer who is upon the track of an accomplice, actually committing a murder, is not less criminal than the murderer. So the man who, by tongue or pen, aims to weaken the public mind in such a solemn and critical moment as this—and as the whole last year has been—is not less criminal than if he fought against us with arms.

If Mr. Vallandigham were detected in sending to Jeff Davis an accurate account of the number, distribution, and purpose of Pope's army, should he be sheltered from punishment by the plea that, as an American citizen, he had a perfect right to get and use information of public matters as he chose? The reply would be, whoever chooses to help our enemies does it at his peril. So, when he tries to persuade men not to support the Government against the rebellion, he helps our enemies; and he should do it at his peril.

Criticism of the causes of the war, or of its conduct, if they are made in an evident and sincere spirit of loyalty, however sharp they may be, are tolerable, for they assume the justice of the cause. But a man who thinks the war wrong, the Government tyrannical, the rebels right, even if a little irregular, is a man who ought not to be allowed to help them by his words in the desperate moment of the struggle.

This is the temporary denial of free speech. Of course it is. It is a temporary suspension of individual freedom that the very guarantee of all permanent freedom may be secured. It is the denial of the privilege to the private soldier of trying to raise a mutiny in the ranks on the very battle-field. This is the temporary limitation of free speech to which every true lover of liberty in the land gladly submits, and of which only rebels and rebel sympathizers complain. If Mr. Vallandigham thinks the rebels right, let him hold his tongue. If he says so, when their hand is on our throat, let his tongue be held.

A SUGGESTION.

The Lounger most cordially sympathizes with the suggestion of his correspondent:

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—Since the war began you have been so serious in your columns that I have not dared to write to you; but I have something to say now, which I think you will listen to.

"The other morning I wanted a few spools of thread and a piece of tape, and put on my bonnet and ran to Haberdasher & Co.'s to get them. It was a warm day and there were not many people in the street, and when I got into the shop I was quite confused by the number of young men who came politely forward and asked to serve me with what I wished. They were not the foolish, simpering fellows of whom there are so many pictures and so much fun in *Punch;* but they seemed to be quick, intelligent, and well-bred.

"I bought my thread and tape, and as I sauntered home, thinking of my brother Ned, who is with Pope in Virginia, I saw upon a pile of bricks a poster headed 'Recruits wanted.' Of course we all know that they are wanted. We know how much is left undone for the want of men. Yes, Mr. Lounger, and *I* know that if women would answer it would be left undone no longer.

"Now we women are as much interested in the war as you men. The Southern women, indeed, are said to be the main-stay of the rebellion, and the Northern women have been the chief solace and cure of our wounded soldiers. How they have worked in every way that women can, to help the great cause! And yet there is one other way. It is this. Let some of us do the work of Haberdasher & Co.'s clerks, and let them go to the war. At the Sanitary Commission rooms, and the hospitals, etc., there are as many women as can be made useful. But I—and I am sure there are plenty like me—would willingly take the places of these young men until they return. We can sell thread and measure ribbon and do up tape, perhaps not as well as they, but well enough for the purpose.

"Of course there are many of them who have mothers and sisters and families dependent upon them who could not easily go. But they ought to remember that business will revive only with peace, and if the war continues they must, many of them, lose their places. Then there are a great many who have nobody but themselves to look after, and they might surely go.

"I write to you, hoping that you will print my letter, and that they may see it. If they do, I hope they will think seriously of what I say. I can not put it in pretty language, but it means just the same. It means that I, for one, do not believe that a man hasn't a soul above buttons merely because he sells them; and I don't believe that a man can not handle a rifle skillfully because he is nimble with the yard-stick. At least, let's try, Mr. Lounger.

"Your faithful friend and constant reader,

"LUCY LAMB."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A POEM TO PATTI.

OH CHARMING ADELINA!
How sweet is thy *Amina!*
How bewitching thy *Zerlina!*
How seldom has there been a
More tunable *Norina!*
And have I ever seen a
More enjoyable *Rosina?*
But to tell the praise I mean a-
-Las! there should have been a
Score more rhymes to ADELINA.

THE WEATHER AGAIN.—Heine said (exulting in the cool gloom of a cathedral in a real July) that Roman Catholicism was a very good religion for the summer. If so, no wonder the Pope feels discouraged this year.

Charles Incledon was proverbial for the coolness with which he regarded the turbulence of an audience. He always listened to the "storm" with the utmost nonchalance, and occasionally addressed the noisy tenants of Olympus. One evening he was prevented from singing by a dire conflict in the most classical part of the house; and after pacing the stage for some time, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," he pulled his watch deliberately from his fob, and thus addressed them: "Ladies and gentlemen, if you would contrive to finish this row in a quarter of an hour, I would esteem it as a particular favor. I'm engaged to sup with a friend at half past eleven, and I have very little time to spare." This good-humored rebuke had the desired effect, and the belligerent parties "grounded arms" immediately.

Ask a lady her age, and the information contained in her reply will probably *not* be reliable; but inquire the age of her dearest friend, and the answer may be implicitly believed.

A spiteful old bachelor says of the new style of bonnets: "Their only redeeming feature is, they afford room for a small conservatory on the top of the head."

A Scotch paper tells the story of a dairy farmer who, after the burial of his wife, drove a hard bargain with the grave-digger, who, bringing his hand down on his shovel, exclaims, "Down wi' anither shillin', or up she comes!"

A boarding-house keeper advertises "Board for two gentlemen with gas."

The law is a pretty bird, and has charming wings. 'Twould be quite a bird of Paradise if it didn't carry such a terrible bill.

Peace can do a good deal toward making a gentleman, but war is more likely to finish him.

IRISH ADVERTISEMENTS.—The following is considered rather a good specimen of an Irish advertisement: "If the gentleman who keeps a shoe-shop with a red head will return the umbrella which he borrowed of a young lady with an ivory handle, he will hear of something to her advantage."

A merchant in Burlington having sunk his shop floor a few feet, announces that, "in consequence of recent improvements, goods will be sold much lower than formerly."

Old fools are more foolish than young ones; they have had much longer practice.

The farmer is a conqueror who wins victories upon important fields—at the point of the plow-share.

A man under sentence of death by hanging asked the sheriff, the evening previous to the execution, "I say, Mr. Sheriff, at what hour is that little affair of mine coming off?"

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating one.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

☞ FOR an account of the Battle of Cedar Mountain and the attack on Baton Rouge see pages 558 and 559.

ORDER RESPECTING VOLUNTEERS AND MILITIA—OFFICIAL.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON Aug. 14, 1862.

Ordered—First—That after the 15th day of this month bounty and advance pay shall not be paid to volunteers for any new regiments, but only to volunteers for regiments now in the field and volunteers to fill up new regiments now organizing, but not yet full.

Second—Volunteers to fill up new regiments now organizing will be received and paid the bounty and advance pay until the 22d day of this month; and, if not completed by that time, the incomplete regiments will be consolidated and superfluous officers mustered out.

Third—Volunteers to fill up the old regiments will be received and paid the bounty and advance pay until the 1st day of September.

Fourth—The draft for three hundred thousand militia, called for by the President, will be made on Wednesday, the 3d day of September, between the hours of nine o'clock A.M. and five o'clock P.M., and continue from day to day, between the same hours, until completed.

Fifth—If the old regiments should not be filled up by volunteers before the 1st day of September a special draft will be ordered for the deficiency.

Sixth—The exigencies of the service require that officers now in the field should remain with their commands, and no officer now in the field, in the regular or volunteer service, will, under any circumstances, be detailed to accept a new command.

By order of the PRESIDENT.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

HOW TO ENROLL AND DRAFT MILITIA.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, Aug. 14, 1862.

Ordered—Eighth—That in filling all requisitions for militia the quotas of the several States will be apportioned by the Governors among the several counties, and, where practicable, among the subdivisions of counties, so that allowance shall be made to such counties and subdivisions for all volunteers heretofore furnished by them and mustered into the service of the United States, and whose stipulated term of service shall not have expired.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

EVACUATION OF HARRISON'S LANDING.

The news from General M'Clellan's army is very important. The whole force has been removed from Harrison's Landing to Williamsburg without the loss of a single man or any of the Government property. The movement has been most successfully carried out, even in the face of a subtle foe.

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

Major Fifield has succeeded in capturing several hundred bags of flour belonging to the rebel States, amounting to about 12,000 pounds. Contrabands report that Jackson's army has been considerably reinforced from Richmond. The Union army now occupies the line of the Rapidan from Raccoon Ford to Cave's Ford, with pickets beyond. General Siegel, who is in the advance, has driven back that part of the enemy's force which attempted to cross the river on the morning of the 16th inst. Late dispatches state that a general advance toward the Rapidan was made on 17th. All was quiet up to one o'clock in the afternoon, the rebels not disputing the movement.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "ARKANSAS."

UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "ESSEX,"
OFF BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA, *August* 6, 1862.

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

SIR,—On the evening of the 4th inst. I was informed by General Williams, commanding the United States forces at this port, that the enemy, in considerable strength, was moving on this place.

The rebel ram *Arkansas*, with two gun-boats from the Red River—the *Webb* and *Music*—were also in the vicinity of the city to support the attack of the rebel army.

I made such a disposition of the naval force under my command as I thought would give the most aid to our small force on shore.

On the morning of the 5th inst., at one o'clock, the enemy made an attack on our land forces, and drove in the left wing of our army, killing General Williams. Our men retreating, I opened fire from the *Essex* with shot and shell over them on the advancing enemy, and turned them back with considerable loss. It was doubtless the intention of the enemy to make a simultaneous attack by land and water, but the fire of the *Essex* driving the rebels back evidently disconcerted their plans.

Though not making her appearance, I had information of the vicinity of the ram *Arkansas* about four miles above my anchorage on the river, and this morning I determined to steam up the river, attack her, and, if possible, prevent her rendering further assistance to the land forces she was co-operating with. At ten A.M. I came in sight of her at about the distance of half a mile, and immediately opened fire. After an action of about twenty minutes I succeeded in setting her on fire, and at meridian she blew up with a tremendous explosion.

The *Arkansas* had a crew of one hundred and eighty men and mounted ten guns—six 8-inch and four 50-pounder rifled cannon. This vessel—the *Essex*—mounts seven guns, and had only forty men on duty at the time of our going into action. My First Master, Mr. R. K. Riley, was in the sick hospital, and his place was supplied by Second Master David Porter Rosenmiller, who conducted himself to my entire satisfaction.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. D. PORTER,
Commanding Division of Flotilla in Western Waters.

PURGING KENTUCKY OF TRAITORS.

John F. Fiske has resigned the Speakership of the Kentucky Legislature, and James F. Robinson, a well-known Union man, has been elected in his stead. Governor Magoffin has also resigned his office, and Robinson, therefore, becomes Governor *de facto* for the remainder of Magoffin's unexpired term. M. Johnson, of Lexington, also a Union man, has been elected Secretary of State. These resignations and elections virtually restore Kentucky entirely to the Union, as by the resignation of J. B. Temple, Acting-Governor Robinson becomes President of the Military Board.

UNION PRISONERS IN CLOSE CONFINEMENT.

A number of Union prisoners from General Pope's army had arrived in Richmond. They were put "in solitary confinement, in conformity with instructions, and the rule, as enforced, will not be departed from under any consideration whatever." Among the prisoners was Brigadier-General Prince and thirty-four officers.

MAKING TRAITORS PAY.

General Butler, in New Orleans, is determined to carry out the order of making the rebels pay some of the expenses of the war He has taken a list of all those who subscribed to aid the Southern Confederacy. These merchants and others agreed to pay the amount of a million and a quarter of dollars to that cause. He has therefore taxed them, and all the cotton brokers who advised the planters not to bring down their cotton so as to secure foreign intervention, to the tune of over three hundred and forty thousand dollars to help maintain the poor of New Orleans.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES ON THE WAR.

Archbishop Hughes delivered a most important and patriotic sermon on 17th, in St. Patrick's Cathedral. After reciting his course of action in Europe, he calls upon the whole North to come out in its strength, for "volunteering to continue and for a draft to be made." He said that if three hundred thousand men were not enough, to call out another three hundred thousand. "The people should insist on being drafted, and so bring this unnatural strife to a close" by strength of might alone.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH REBEL GENERALS.

The papers publish a correspondence between the rebel commander and the General-in-Chief relative to repudiation of paroles and oaths of allegiance. The language of the rebel General Lee's communications is considered by General Halleck to be "couched in language exceedingly insulting to the Government of the United States," and he has therefore "declined to receive them." They were, therefore, returned unanswered, except as above quoted.

ELECTION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The election in North Carolina has turned out to be a victory for the moderate men who are accused of Unionism. The ultra secesh candidates for every office have been defeated by an overwhelming majority, and Vance (Union) has carried the State for Governor against Johnson (Rebel) by a surplus of forty thousand votes.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE QUEEN ON NEUTRALITY.

THE Queen, in a speech proroguing Parliament, says: "Civil war, which for some time has been raging in America, has unfortunately continued in unabated intensity, and the evils with which it has been attended have not been confined to the American continent· but her Majesty, having from the outset determined to take no part in the contest, has seen no reason to depart from the neutrality which she has steadily adhered to."

THE CONFEDERATES IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

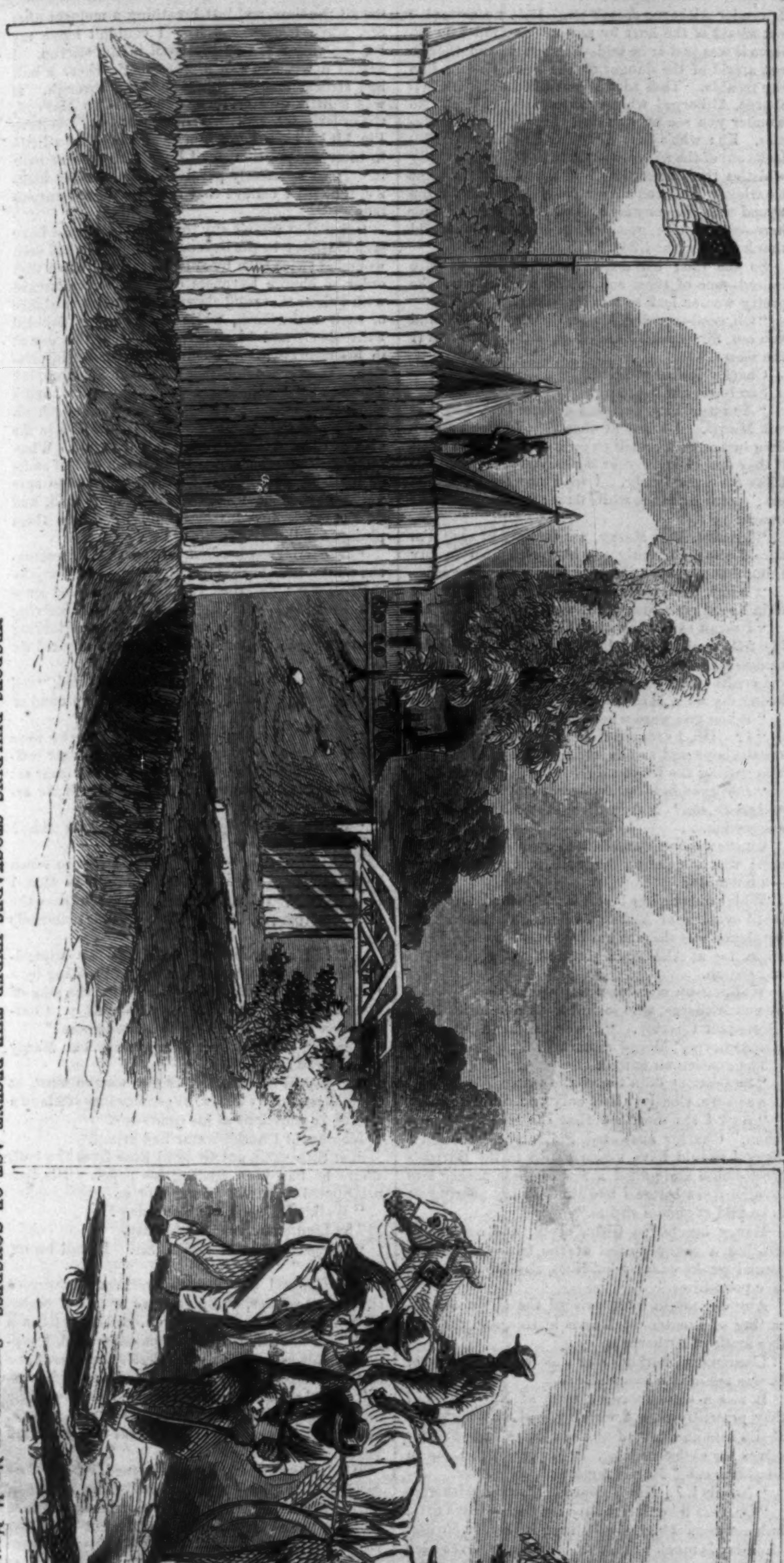
In the House of Lords Earl Stratheden moved for the correspondence with Mr. Mason relative to the acknowledgment of the Southern States. Earl Russell said it was not expedient to produce papers. The agent of the Confederate States was not recognized, and all communications were unofficial. Correspondence had taken place with Messrs. Adams and Seward, but the British Government replied as before. He stated that no communication had been received from any foreign Power relative to the recognition of the Southern States. Earl Malmesbury suggested that the Government should communicate with other Powers, with a view of offering mediation if a favorable opportunity arises, to which Earl Russell agreed that if mediation is offered all Powers should join in it. The motion was finally withdrawn.

FRANCE.

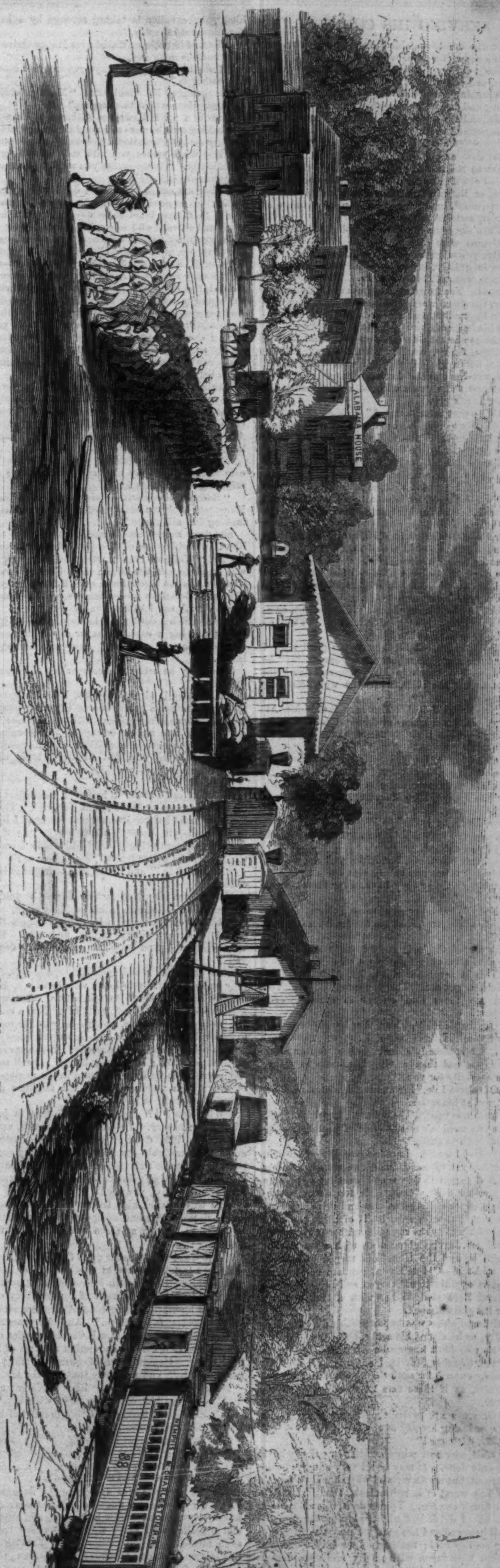
COTTON IN ALGERIA.

It is reported that the French Council of State are trying to devise means to render France independent of America for cotton.

JOHN MORGAN'S HIGHWAYMEN SACKING A PEACEFUL VILLAGE IN THE WEST.—[See Page 555.]



NEGROES BUILDING STOCKADES UNDER THE RECENT ACT OF CONGRESS.—Sketched by Mr. H. Mosler.—[See Page 558.]



THE TOWN OF STEVENSON, ALABAMA, HELD BY THE UNION FORCES.—Sketched by Mr. H. Mosler.—[See Page 558.]

SERVING HIS COUNTRY.

AT the breakfast-table that morning there was quite a show of guests, even so early as 7.30. The majority elderly and middle-aged men, a few matrons, and one young lady. Only one. The rest were making amends for last night's late hours of flirting and dancing. There had been a party somewhere, and the flirting and dancing went far into the night and the

"Wee sma' hours ayont the twal."

But our one young lady here looks as fresh and bright as if she had gone to bed with the birds, instead of waltzing with Barry Sandford until midnight, or listening to the band with Lieutenant Morris, or talking brilliant, unsatisfactory talk with elegant, satirical Althorpe.

When she came into the dining-hall the group of gentlemen were discussing some question rather loudly, you might almost have said angrily. She came in quietly, bringing youth and health and delicate womanliness with her. The atmosphere changed. The frown cleared from old Mr. Jarvies's brow, the sharp words staid on the Hon. Tom Wilmer's heavy lips, and a gray-haired *militaire* lowered his lance of discussion as she passed by.

Just as she took her seat up came that smiling factotum, James, bearing upon his tray nothing edible, but a glass dish filled with water-lilies, fresh and dewy as the dawn.

He put them down without a word before the young lady's plate.

"Who sent them, James?"

"Couldn't say, Miss; one o' the bell-boys brought 'em down and said they were sent in for Miss Gaines. I didn't ask any questions."

Miss Gaines bit her lip, half in amusement half in vexation. She understood James pretty thoroughly, and guessed that he was keeping somebody's secret under his innocent manner. Of course *she* could ask no further questions, thus put *en règle* by James's *finesse*.

Presently saunters in Althorpe; "elegant, satirical Althorpe"—white-clad in glistening linen. Came in hiding a yawn behind the whitest hand, with one curious little old-fashioned ring on the third finger, which he said belonged to his ladye love.

He took the vacant place by Miss Gaines, bowing and smiling his "good-morning." Then he put his face down to the lilies.

"Did you go out boating on the pond after I left you last night, and are these your spoils?" he asked, with a laugh in his voice, and the voice down among the lilies, where he was breathing sweetness.

"No, I wish I had. You may laugh, Mr. Althorpe, but I am quite sentimental enough to be willing to wake through the night for a sight of the lovely things as they grow."

He did laugh, lowly, lightly, as was his way, and elevating his eyebrows.

"What youngster did you make happy with your pence then, Miss Margaret?" he asked, in a listless manner.

Miss Margaret smiled to herself. She was not to be taken in by the listless manner. So Mr. Althorpe was curious.

"I didn't buy them, Mr. Althorpe," she replied, quietly. "Some one kindly sent them in to me; and I have a fancy they have never been tied up for vending."

"No! What inner sight reveals these things to you, Miss Margaret, that are hidden from common ken?"

She parted the buds and blossoms and showed the spiral stems beneath the water.

"This is my inner sight, Mr. Althorpe; they are broken, not cut. That is unprofessional. You never see them sold except in smoothly-cut bunches."

"Oh, that is it?" with another low, light laugh. "And you like them better, I suppose, Miss Margaret, for somebody's dozing about 'tween dark and dawn, and then wading knee-deep to gather them specially for you?"

"Of course I do," she answered, with a little defiant nod at his satire.

"Of course you do," he repeated, highly amused; "but you wouldn't wet the sole of your little slipper for such as these."

"Indeed I would. Last summer, at Shell Beach, we rode over to Long Pond one morning before day had begun to dawn, and went rowing out in the summer dark. Only girls, too, not a gentleman; and we came home wet and dripping, I assure you, but with such loads of lilies," and she laughed aloud as she remembered her frolic.

Old Mr. Jarvies glanced up with a smile as he caught it, and the Hon. Tom turned quickly in the midst of—"I tell you, gentlemen, what we want is organization," turned and listened, while General Rose pledged her with a beaming look over his glass of hock.

Althorpe alone was imperturbable; asking languidly, as he sipped his coffee,

"So you don't know who sent them?"

"Oh, Charley Morris, I suppose; nobody gets up early enough for such things but Charley," she returned, as if there was no question about the matter.

"Or stays up, perhaps; perhaps playing billiards, or losing his pay over a loo-table."

"Mr. Althorpe!"

"Well, why not; why shouldn't I speak of what is so openly done. It may be all very naughty, Miss Margaret, but we do it; and why shouldn't we own it. The worst of it is its cloak, I'm thinking; a very flimsy one too. Yes we do it, Miss Margaret. I do it. I did it last night, playing far into the small hours after I left you. Fancy me, then, getting sentimental; rushing off to Lily Pond and coming back laden with purity and sweetness in the shape of pond-lilies to lay mysteriously at my lady's feet—in other words, on her breakfast-table, where she imagines me at every whiff of odor a gallant cavalier, whose devotion is only equaled by his simple habits—up with the lark, and all that sort of thing; while at that very moment, very likely, the cavalier is taking revenge by a long doze deep into the day."

A look of impatience flitted over Margy Gaines's face, and she answered,

"I shall believe you always put extreme cases, Mr. Althorpe."

He shrugged his shoulders. "My dear child, the exceptions would be extreme."

Once in a while Lawrence Althorpe had a way of speaking as if he were a dozen years your senior; a pretty sort of affectation which wasn't unpleasant.

"But what makes you talk so?" said Margy, vexatiously. "What makes you want me to know that men are so bad?"

"They are not so bad, only I don't want you to think them so good, for that's dangerous thinking. You'll be disappointed some day. If you think them rather weak and miserable sinners, to begin with, you'll not have to weep over a ruined air-castle. Suppose, now, I had believed a certain young lady—well, let us say Miss Margaret Gaines—to be the very essence of amiability, one who never scolded the maids, or got out of patience with her younger brother, or flirted with her cousin. And suppose, on closer acquaintance, I found that she committed every one of these deeds, don't you think I should be woefully cut up and chagrined by my mistake, after expecting such perfection? I only say *if* I had; I assure you I like Miss Gaines much better as she is."

Margaret laughed, and cast a slightly saucy look at Mr. Althorpe, which said quite plainly, "How do you dare, Sir, accuse me to my face of my misdoings (for she plead guilty to every one)?" Althorpe laughed too—a soft, hearty, enjoyable laugh—at the way she took it.

"But," she expostulated, "you do not state the case fairly. You give men such wider range of misdoing to apologize for."

"Because the world—society—gives it, Miss Margaret; and you must pardon proportionately, making due allowance."

She drew a deep breath and bent down to the lilies. Breaking one off she put it in her bosom, saying, "Well, no matter what the way was, it was good to get the lilies; and I've no doubt Charley was the better for it, even if he rushed off after such nefarious proceedings as you describe—which I don't say I believe that he did."

"And which I don't say *I* believe he did—I was only supposing a case. I never saw Lieutenant Charley play in my life," answered Althorpe, lazily.

By-and-by he broke silence over his third cup, by asking,

"How does it always happen, Miss Margaret, that you are down before any of the other young ladies? Come, I'm curious; will you tell me?"

"Well, it is a matter of taste. The mornings at this season are so exquisite; and then—and then—shall I tell you, Mr. Althorpe, truly and honestly, as Jimmy says?"

"Yes, do."

"Well, I can't afford to lose such beautifiers as these early morning hours are at Newport. They are balm and bloom to life and complexion. I like to feel well—in Jimmy's phraseology, "as if I could jump over the house—and I like to look well. Could there be better reasons, Mr. Althorpe?"

"Not possibly!" and he laughed outright at her candor.

Here, from his place farther down the table, General Rose called out, in his petulant voice,

"Althorpe! Althorpe! why don't you join the army? You are young, strong, and able. We want just such men as you. Come! why don't you?"

They all looked round upon Althorpe at this, for they were all curious to know why he didn't, and nobody had ever dared to ask before. Althorpe was a self-possessed fellow, certainly. Not a muscle betrayed annoyance, though he was the most excessively reticent man, and this blunt question must have annoyed him intensely. Not a muscle of his face moved; he quietly helped himself to a roll; brushed a fly from his hand in his negligent manner; then answered, with the slightest approach to a drawl in his voice,

"Why don't I? Well, General, that is just what I don't know. I should like to know, upon my word! Why don't I? sure enough. Young, and strong, and able—an idle fellow, needing occupation. Why don't I? I think it must be because it hurts. I shouldn't like to be hurt. I'm a dreadfully selfish fellow, you see!"

This was all said with the most good-humored air possible—a pleasant, *dégagé* manner impossible to describe; but not a person who heard believed a word of it.

Yet it was impossible for even the choleric General Rose to take offense at this answer, so easy-tempered and tinged with *bonhomie* did it sound. But nobody believed a word of it; for every one knew the reputation of Lawrence Althorpe was that of "the coolest fellow alive." And two years ago he had fought a duel in South Carolina under circumstances that carried conviction at least of his intrepidity. General Rose, of course, did not pursue the subject, and presently they left the table.

Margy Gaines took up her lilies tenderly; and as Althorpe walked down the room with her, he said, with that curious, perplexing manner of his, half banter, half earnest,

"'Her dress was like the lilies,
And her heart as pure as they;
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day.'"

All the time she was arranging the flowers in her own room she was thinking, "What a strange fellow Althorpe is! How he laughs, and sneers, and disbelieves in every thing and every body, even himself. A perfect disciple of Thackeray! Sometimes I think he is better than he seems; then I have no faith in him, he is so cold and heartless. Now if that wasn't positively ill-natured, not to say bad taste, my superfine *elegant*, to cavil at Charley Morris in the way you did. Charley, who is so generous and honest! Such a brave little fellow too, all patriotism and enthusiasm in his profession! I wonder Althorpe *doesn't* go. He's no coward—not afraid of the hurt by any means; but I do believe it was just as he said—he's selfish, and, though not afraid of the danger or the hurt, doesn't like the trouble. That sounds just like him. Oh, Althorpe, Althorpe! what a narrow life you lead. No wonder you see every thing through blue spectacles. Eh: who's that whistling on the piazza?"—looks out of the window—"Morris, I knew; nobody whistles the Zauberflote like that but Lieutenant Charley. He's come over from the yacht for the *second time this morning!* I wish he was staying here—such a nice, good fellow. I'll run down and thank him for the lilies."

So she ran; her dress, like the lilies, as pure indeed—one of those soft, white mulls that make pretty women look so much prettier.

"Oh, good-morning, Master Charley! I've found you out, Sir, though James kept faithful guard over the secret."

Charley looked puzzled.

She burst out laughing.

"You needn't put on that demure face, Lieutenant Morris. I knew at once nobody else gets up here in season for such expeditions, or cares to go if they do. I know your tastes, you see. And the lilies are very lovely. I wear one for sign, you see;" pointing to the white flower drooping into her bosom.

"I really, Miss Margy, am entirely at sea; I'm sure I should be only too happy to own to any thing that gives you pleasure; but upon my word—

"What, you mean to say honestly that you didn't send me a dish of lilies this morning?"

"I mean to say now that I am the most miserable fellow alive that I *didn't* send them. Why couldn't I have done it? And to think you gave me credit when I was— Stupid! I'm certainly losing my wits, Miss Margy."

"When you were where, Sir?"

"I? Oh, I dropped in to two or three places to see the boys and smoke, etc., while somebody else was getting the lilies."

"*I dropped in to two or three places to see the boys and smoke, etc.*" Margy thought of Althorpe's bold suggestion.

Charley colored and looked away when he said this; was he evading the truth, and was the truth—a loo-table?

Which did she like best, Charley's modest shamefaced evasion, or Althorpe's daring defiance? So perplexed was she, she hardly knew herself. Half angry too at Althorpe's possibility of right in his suggestion.

Walking up and down the piazza they by-and-by met Althorpe, who looked a little quizzically at Lieutenant Charley. "I was mistaken after all, Mr. Althorpe," Margy remarked.

The gentleman bowed.

"So Charley didn't send the water-lilies? She was so sure, Charley, that only you could do it."

"And I am mortified that she should be mistaken," Charley answered, gallantly; "though I fancy I should have swam across to the Burton's green-house and added a few of those lovely late royalist roses before I had thought my offering fit to be laid at such a shrine."

Margy laughed a little, slyly, and answered, stealing a saucy glance at the two—"I have a special weakness for pond-lilies, and for those who love pond-lilies."

Any one might have noticed the slight disconcerting of Lieutenant Morris at this, and the furtive smile of Althorpe's.

Lieutenant Charley's star was down for the time. It rose again in a moment.

It was a close morning even at Newport, and they presently ceased walking, and, turning some chairs into an angle of cool and shade, seated themselves for easier talking. "My furlough is up in another week," Morris remarked, *en passant*.

"No—is it? How's your leg?" asked Althorpe.

"Oh, that'll be all right in a few days—just a little inflammation which the bathing is rapidly curing. Halliday is much worse off. They have never been able to get the ball out of his leg; but he says it has settled into a safe place, and he shall go back with me any way, spite of the lameness; and he hobbles round on a stick now."

"Halliday is in your regiment, isn't he?" asked Althorpe.

"Yes, and the same company. We fought close together at Fairoaks—side by side sometimes. You know what a close conflict that was; how we pushed on through swamps, up to the waist in water, once in a while, and under a galling fire; and such a din of musketry that not an order could be heard, and only example served us. Every officer in the saddle, you see, then, had to keep ahead, in advance, to show what must be done. Ah, it was hot work, I tell you!"

Margy Gaines was leaning forward in breathless interest; and as he paused a moment, asked, eagerly, one of those peculiarly womanly questions.

"How did you feel then? what were your thoughts?"

He laughed. "Well, it was odd; but I found myself in the intervals of those action-orders declaiming aloud, though I couldn't hear my own voice scarcely, that ballad in the cavalier songs:

'We were standing foot to foot, and giving shoot for shoot,
Hot and strong went our volleys at the blue;
We knelt, but not for grace, and the fuse lit up the face
Of the gunner, as the round shot by us flew.'

"Yes, there I was, actually screaming that forth in a sort of rhythmic order, and half unconsciously."

Althorpe smiled, saying, "Well, that was certainly a good war-cry. The ruling passion strong at the death, Charley. I remember you a small youngster at Cambridge reciting verses in your sleep; only the theme then was of some fair Dulcinea, who had subjugated your heart for the space of a week, perhaps."

"But how did you feel when you were wounded? What was the first sensation?" Margy kept on, utterly oblivious of every thing but the glorious topic of "ball and bayonet."

"Bless you, I didn't know I was hit. I was in the thick of the advance, men falling dead around me all the time, and just breathing a moment after fire, when I wondered why I couldn't move my left leg—my foot was like lead in the stirrup. I looked down, and saw a clean mark where a ball had struck, and the blood soaking through. It was a little quieter then, and I said to Marvyn, the orderly sergeant, who was near by, 'I believe I'm hit.' Then I got him to slip my foot a little to alter my position, for I hadn't any power over it. It was perfectly paralyzed for a while; luckily, though, I believe that is by no means uncommon.

"But that wasn't any thing. You should have seen Halliday in the bayonet charge. He had been wounded twice then by rifle shots; and when that order to charge bayonets came he went forward with a cheer that rang above all others, and a glance of such enthusiasm, while his face was dabbled with blood, and blood dripping from the wound in his shoulder, that I believe he was an inspiration. Who could fall back with such an example? The men on his line were wavering at first, and a panic would soon have attacked them. Jack always had a genius for seizing opportunities in the nick of time. He seized one now that told. When I saw him pressing down there was a sort of smile on his face, as if he was inviting the men to sure victory; then he waved his sword, cheered, and dashed on. Jove! you should have seen them plunge headlong after him.

"And afterward, when he came back, a sabre-cut across his cheek, but supporting poor Smythe—Lieutenant Smythe, you know, who died since at the hospital—insisting upon Smythe's receiving the surgeon's first care, and altogether overlooking himself, you'd better believe the boys shouted for him."

"And you, Charley," Althorpe suggested, "tell us how you got back to camp with that wound of yours?"

"Well, I'd got pretty faint by the time we were ready to return, and once came precious near reeling from my saddle; but one of the men near set me right, and I managed to keep on till we arrived?"

"Where was Sergeant Marvyn all the time? Was there nobody to assist you?"

"Well, the fact was, Althorpe, I was so much better off than some of the poor fellows that I couldn't stand taking the care that might save the life of another; so I made Marvyn ride on and help the rest."

An odd smile dawned on Althorpe's impassible face. "So you took the risk of profiting by a rebel surgeon instead of your own for the sake of men who couldn't live any way, I dare say. Charley, you always were a good-natured goose!"

Charley laughed over this speech, but Margy Gaines frowned.

She looked admiringly, as any woman must, at the modest, manly fellow, so unconscious of his own merits, so conscious of his comrade's.

Lieutenant Charley's star had arisen.

Just then came out General Rose from the hall, where he had been reading his paper. His face brightened as he saw young Morris.

"Well, Sir, how's the leg to-day?"

The Lieutenant touched his cap.

"Almost ready for action, Sir. I shall be off next week."

The General bowed with gracious pleasure to the young soldier, adding a word or two of graceful compliment, and passed on, casting rather a grim look at Althorpe, whom he considered, I suppose, about as useless a bit of flesh as cumbered the earth. Althorpe himself catching it, smiled satirically, and quoted in a musing tone from one of the famous old French cynics: "The world is a farce, and its favors are follies; but farces and follies are very dear to human hearts."

"When its favors are well-earned I think they cease to be follies," spoke up Miss Margy Gaines, with a fine scarlet flushing her cheeks, as she bade the gentlemen good-morning and went up to her room.

Mrs. Alayne Gaines—Aunt Alayne—wanted to know what had disturbed Miss Margy, as she appeared before her with the red in her cheeks and the fire in her eyes.

"Althorpe has disturbed me; I do think he is outrageous, Aunt Alayne." And she repeated the conversation.

Aunt Alayne was an easy-tempered body; then Althorpe was a *bon parti* too; so she offered, consolingly,

"Oh, well, he doesn't mean it."

Excitable little Margy blazed.

"Doesn't mean it! That's the worst of it! How can a man with any soul or heart just over such subjects? He hasn't a spark of patriotism or feeling, the idle, selfish fellow. If he was a ninny, like Lifford, one wouldn't care so much; but with an intellect and culture such as his, it is positively painful to see only careless waste of life. Why doesn't he put himself to some use? There he goes now, riding off to his club, I suppose, and Barton driving! Why doesn't he drive himself? Why doesn't he walk?" She finished with a little fizz and flash, which was laughable when we consider that Miss Margy Gaines was by no means of the democracy who sneer at "tandems and tilburys, and jaunty grooms and footmen," but a young person of decidedly luxurious, not to say extravagant, tastes, who followed them out, too, as well as she was able. But we must make allowance for the blaze of patriotism which set fire to the combustible temper of which Mr. Althorpe spoke rather impertinently a while ago.

The patriotic flame was kept burning brightly the ensuing week. What with Lieutenant Charley, and the hero Halliday, and General Rose's frequent presence and inspiring talk, the time flew. Althorpe in the mean while laughed, and declared their talk was continually running to the tune of the Star-Spangled Banner and Yankee Doodle.

To Margy Gaines's surprise this laughing banter did not seem to offend either Morris or Halliday. The latter, in fact, appeared to regard Althorpe with admiration, and Margy used to see

them driving out together nearly every day, and sometimes Halliday, poor wounded soldier, would come walking up the avenue, leaning wearily on Althorpe's arm; and then Margy would notice that the talking seemed earnest and grave, and Althorpe's face wore none of its cynic sneers. Then Margy would relent, perhaps, to return again to her belligerent position that same evening, very likely, at some irreverent satire of the incorrigible Althorpe's.

So she had gradually worked herself up into quite a little prejudice for the gentleman, which wasn't pleasant nor comfortable; for there was a curious charm about the man that held people, spite of themselves, enchained with a sort of admiring respect for his honest disbeliefs and courageous daring of speech: but Margy Gaines was not going to be misled by these brilliant qualities, when such lack of Christian charity and self-sacrifice were apparent; and it really seemed that she spared no pains to let the gentleman know precisely in what regard she held him; and actually—this was the most provoking part of it—the audacious fellow appeared to mind it no more than the buzzing of a fly. But one night Margy felt strangely sorry and rebuked.

They were sitting in a group of a dozen or so, outside one of the deep windows, and a mixture of gaslight and moon-rays lit them up, and showed faces and features distinctly to each other. In view of their coming change of life, perhaps, Morris and Halliday were unusually quiet though certainly not downcast; a little graver, that was all. Althorpe, on the other hand, was full of sharp wit and odd satire, uncommonly brilliant and gracious at the same time.

At the last of the evening the two soldiers, Halliday especially, in speaking of the next few months that were to come, dwelt with a certain yearning tenderness upon the peaceful scenes they would leave behind them, Althorpe answered, gayly,

"Yes, think of the hops and matinées, the parties and pleasurings of all descriptions. Think what entrancing polkas you lose, what waltzes you forego, what walks and talks, what boatings and bathings, all to be put against tent-life, and swamp marches, and the chance of a broken leg, from which discomforts you extract that one little sweet kernel, patriotism."

The "boys" laughed with seeming good understanding of his speech. Indeed, so great was this man's charm for some, that they never thought to question what he said or what he did; but Margy was sorely irritated, and replied sharply,

"Mr. Althorpe cares so little for that sweet kernel that he will do himself the pleasure and honor of dancing your polkas and waltzes while you fight his battles."

Honest Jack Halliday, speaking of it afterward, said that those who heard this were so amazed that they looked at the speaker in wonderment and silence; and a few moments later, when the young lady rose and bade them good-night, the little incident took place which brought her rebuke.

She had turned to go through the low open window, but her foot caught, and her head, reared rather too loftily for the occasion, struck the lower bar.

Althorpe was the first to spring forward, and his arm saved her from falling. The next instant he flung up the sash, and helping her over the sill, stood at the inner door waiting for her to pass. Lifting her eyes to thank him, she met a look, kind but with a dignity of reproach which touched her sorely. The color rose, her glance fell, and her "Thank you" came somewhat faintly.

In vain, thinking it over, she tried to justify herself, recalling his sneering satire. Remembering that look, she felt humiliated and abashed, and asked herself, "What right have I to judge him?"

Such a position isn't pleasant, and in it we are rather inclined to be unjust and inconsistent. Thus Miss Margaret Gaines found herself placed. It wasn't pleasant to feel humiliated, and she did not like Mr. Althorpe's society any the better for it. But not a whit did Mr. Althorpe change to her. Easy, brilliant, and good-humored, he went on as before, with a sort of *insouciant* gayety which was specially trying to her now. And in this way the week passed, and an eventful day came.

Looking out of the window in the morning she had seen Althorpe welcoming a stranger, a newcomer, just alighting from a carriage at the door. A few minutes later, in the room adjoining her own, and connected by a barred door, she heard voices, Althorpe's and another's, commonplaces about the apartment, etc. But by-and-by the little bustle of arrival was over, and the desultory talk, light and indifferent, deepened. Margy forgot herself as she involuntarily listened.

The state of the country being mentioned by the stranger, Althorpe joined him in a grave earnestness of regret and sorrow for the dark days that were upon them that Margaret had never heard from his lips before. Evidently this stranger stood in some nearer, closer relation of friendship to him than any other.

At last the new voice said,

"I shall throw up my official position, Althorpe, and join the army. I have had a commission offered me by General ——. My human nature can stand it no longer. We need men, men to save the country."

"I wish to Heaven I could go with you!" suddenly burst from Althorpe.

The other paused a moment; then lower of tone, with infinite tenderness, as it were, he asked,

"And why don't you, Althorpe? I have never asked you before; but I have wondered, knowing your feelings."

"You have wondered and never doubted, Allen; knowing me to be an able-bodied fellow, rich and idle."

"Doubt? Doubt and you can't come together in my mind, Althorpe. If others think you a cold-blooded cynic, I know they are entirely mistaken. I know the big heart underneath, Larry. Doubt you? I should think not."

"And because you have not, because you *do* not; and have all this time left me unquestioned by look or word, Allen, I will tell you why I do not go; but it is under a bond of solemn, sacred silence. You will keep my secret, Allen—a secret known only to one other besides myself?"

"Of course, my boy—I keep your secrets. Go on."

There was a brief pause; then, in a quiet sort of way, Althorpe began:

"You know that I am counted immensely wealthy, Allen—that my income is very large; but you do not know that the property from which I derive my income is entailed."

Margaret wondered what this had to do with the matter. Perhaps his other listener wondered as well, but it was not for long.

"By the will of my great-uncle, from whom this fortune came, the next heir is my cousin, Crawford More."

"Crawford More!" burst out his companion; "that selfish libertine, Crawford More!"

"Yes; a selfish libertine, as you say; a man careless of every thing but his own personal pleasure; unscrupulous and unprincipled to the last degree. If I should die, you can judge what use he would make of this princely fortune. You can judge if the country would gain by it." A little pause again, which the other did not break; and then again, in a hesitating voice of reluctant shyness, which no one would have suspected in Lawrence Althorpe, "I have but one life, Allen; I might lay it down on the first day I entered the field. Then my use would be all gone, and the property, over which I have no control, would be worse than useless to my country, for you well know the Southern sympathies of More. So I stay at home, take the best possible care of my life, and put my money as fast as I get it to the national use. You know what my income is; you know what my expenses were. I'll show you what they are now." A sound of a pen scratching something on a piece of paper came to Margaret's ears. Then the other's voice, exclaiming, as he read it, "Jove, Althorpe! you don't mean to say—?" "Yes; I mean to say that I am serving my country to the best of my ability. Under the circumstances I can't risk my life for it, you see, for the country would lose by it."

The old jocular tone, deprecating sentiment, was coming back again; but Allen stayed it a moment as he exclaimed,

"And here you go on—why it is more than a year—the very soul of patriotism! A soldier, too, by natural qualities, silently bearing speculation and suspicion of your inactive position, while you are learning to live on a tenth part of your income that the rest may be given to support the government! You, the proudest man alive, bear suspicion and blame, and deprive yourself of the very life you long for—for I always knew you were a born soldier, Althorpe—that you may *serve your country to the best of your ability!* Althorpe, you are a hero! But, my dear boy, you will pardon me for saying that you are morbidly modest. Why not give your motive?"

"No, no, Allen; it would sound Quixotic, sentimental, and all that sort of thing. Besides, the world would get it wrong some way. I should be no better for it. Then what does it matter? I hate to be talked over in that way. You know what I have suffered from ostentation and display. My poor father, you know—it was his one folly; and perhaps that *has* made me morbid. But let us say no more about it. Remember you are to keep my secret."

"Of course; but, Larry, I wish I could be delirious, and let it out innocently."

A laugh followed this. But Margy Gaines waited to hear no more. Impulsive little enthusiast! she looked upon herself as an instrument of deliverance; and any one could have caught glimpses of her meaning if they had heard her as she flew about softly from toilet to table in her hurried dressing, saying lowly to herself, "The splendid fellow! To think I have so misjudged him! I'll atone for it, though! Let it out innocently! They little think who—oh dear!" jerk, and away went a shoe-lace. "If Justine wouldn't chatter so I'd ring for her; but they'd—there goes another string! I never *shall* get ready!"

But she did, and in a few minutes was speeding away on her self-imposed mission.

By night of that day the reason of Lawrence Althorpe's apparent inaction was no longer a secret among those who had wondered and speculated there.

Lawrence himself, sauntering out upon the piazza that night, was met with hearty hand-shakes and compliments; and General Rose, gouty old veteran, almost embraced him in his fervor of apology and praise.

What did it mean? Embarrassed and annoyed as *he* could not help being, even in the natural gladness of being understood, he turned with a look of reproach to Allen. Could it be that that old friend had betrayed him?

But just here a little hand goes winding across his arm; a sweet voice pleads in its prettiest way,

"I've got something to tell you, Mr. Althorpe; will you come and listen?"

Do you think, Stoic as he tried to be, that he could resist that? No; and, walking up and down there, Margy made her confession. Told him how she had played eavesdropper, and then spread her knowledge.

Would he forgive her? Stealing a look at the grave, quiet face bent thoughtfully down. Would he forgive her? He drew her off upon one of the side piazzas.

"Forgive you, dear child!" he said, wistfully. "I have much to be forgiven; but now you know I am not quite so bad as you thought, do you think you could take the rest on trust, Margy?"

She started, colored. What! did she understand him? He gathered hope from her shy warmth, and went on:

"Margaret; Margy; don't you know that I've been in love with you all the time? Do you think you could like me a little, Margy?"

There was no sneering now, no lightness, only deep, honest tenderness.

And Margy? If you have not guessed that out of her unacknowledged interest in this "cold-blooded cynic" had sprung her fierce resentment, you are not so wise as I thought. Perhaps Lawrence Althorpe read something of this in her *naïve* confession, and so took heart of faith to proffer his suit.

He did not proffer it in vain. And walking there, she suddenly asked,

"Mr. Althorpe, did you send me those lilies?"

"I did, Miss Gaines," he answered, with mock gravity. "I dazed about from dark to dawn, and waded knee-deep to please a small person, who immediately attributes my sentimentalism to another man;" and once more he glowed with the old wit that Margy was never more to misunderstand.

But a trial and test was coming to Margaret Gaines which would prove her patriotic enthusiasm. That very week came intelligence that changed the plans of Lawrence Althorpe.

Crawford More was dead.

The property in this event was, according to this strange will, to remain without reservation in the possession of Lawrence Althorpe and his heirs, or legatees, according to his own disposition. When Margaret was apprised she well knew what to expect. Her heart sickened as she contemplated probable consequences; but lifting her eyes to the face of her lover, she had no words of discouragement or of discontent to offer. That face with its shade of bondage forever lifted from it, free to wear no masks, but follow out its destiny. He would fight for his country after all! That was what she read there.

The vast property left to him now without "reservation, according to his own disposition," was most generously disposed. A portion set apart whose yearly income was to be applied to that "sacred use" he had so faithfully kept in view, whether he lived to fight for the cause or laid down his life on his first battle-field.

Going, he drew from his finger that curious little ring that had often excited question in Margy's mind. The ring he had avowed to be his ladye love's.

"It was my mother's betrothal ring, Margy," he said, "and dearer to me than any token I could bestow: will you wear it for yours, dear?"

And Margy's last misgiving was removed. She would never more doubt or misunderstand this loyal, tender heart—no matter under what masks it might hide itself, either in seeking her love or serving his country.

THE LATE GENERAL ROBERT L. M'COOK.

On page 556 we publish a portrait of the late General Robert L. M'Cook, who was brutally murdered on 6th inst. by a band of Southern banditti, near Salem, Alabama. Our portrait is from a card-photograph, kindly furnished us by Messrs. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

Robert L. M'Cook was a native of Jefferson County, Ohio, and thirty-five years of age at the time of his death. As a boy he was very manly, and attracted considerable attention. He studied law, and opened an office, when he came of age, at Columbus, but subsequently removed to Cincinnati. Though a Buchanan Democrat, Robert L. M'Cook was one of the first men at the West to denounce the imbecility and treason which marked the close of Buchanan's administration; and as soon as the first call for troops was issued he raised a regiment of Germans.

We take the following account of his glorious career as a soldier from the Cincinnati *Commercial:*

His regiment was detained in Camp Harrison and Camp Dennison from April until the middle of June (1861), during which period it was drilled into a state of extraordinary perfection, and it was characterized by General M'Clellan as the best regiment he had ever seen, whether in Europe or America. This distinguished compliment was iterated and reiterated after it entered the field. On the 18th of June, last year, Colonel M'Cook landed at Parkersburg, and his regiment was immediately attached by General M'Clellan as his vanguard; and it accompanied him to Grafton, near which point it went into camp on the night of the 22d June. The next day it marched to Phillippi, at which point an attack by the enemy was expected. The troops which were then holding that position were encamped upon the mountains. Colonel M'Cook conceiving that the valley was more desirable, moved his men directly down, against the suggestions of the officers, who regarded his movement dangerous. Said M'Cook, "We came to fight, and if the rebels think they can drive my Dutchmen out of the hollow, let 'em try it." During a few days he was in command at Phillippi, by virtue of seniority; but when General Rosecrans moved down toward Buckhannon, M'Cook was ordered to advance; and he took the van, moving into Buckhannon at the head of the column. He had now been in the field but three weeks, but he had already established a reputation for daring, and was reported the most reliable and valuable reconnoissance officer in the army. When General M'Clellan joined the column at Buckhannon M'Cook was again placed in advance, and he led the van thenceforth as long as General M'Clellan was in Western Virginia.

At Rich Mountain his regiment was selected to make the armed reconnoissance on the 10th of July, and it was so admirably managed that it won the applause of the whole army. Five of his "Bully Dutchmen" fell in the enterprise. But for green troops their steadiness and mobility was considered astonishing. Veterans could not have behaved better. After the battle of Rich Mountain (11th), General M'Clellan moved rapidly on beyond Cheat Mountain, M'Cook being still in advance; but the campaign was soon closed. General M'Clellan was then called to Washington, and General Rosecrans assumed command of the Department. M'Cook was now sent up the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to New Creek, where he saw much severe service; and before the middle of August he had crossed and recrossed Rich Mountain with his regiment six times. When General Rosecrans perfected the plan of his Gauley River campaign M'Cook was again required, and at Sutton he was assigned to command the Second Brigade.

On the 10th of September, at the battle of Carnifex Ferry, his command was held in reserve several hours, but at last an order to advance was received. A scene of enthusiasm, inspired by the gallant M'Cook, ensued which beggared description. He inflamed the men with fiery ardor by the most passionate appeals to their patriotism, and, under the direction of the gallant Hartsuff (now Brigadier) they marched in splendid order into the fight. Unhappily, the order of combat was such that they were not hurled immediately upon the breast-works of the enemy, but by orders of the superior officer they were held under a sharp fire without being able to return it effectively—M'Cook begging for an opportunity to carry his "Bully Dutchmen" over the "sticks and dirt" which protected the enemy. Here again the bold, determined character of our townsman was displayed, and his heroes came out of the fight more devoted to him than before.

After the retreat of the enemy, M'Cook's brigade was dispatched in pursuit, and he followed vigorously until halted by orders. At Sewall Mountain, and on New River, he was engaged in severe skirmishing, losing men on each occasion. After the escape of Floyd from Cotton Hill, he was finally, after six months of extraordinary service, in which he exhibited courage, enterprise, and judgment of a high order, ordered to Kentucky.

His subsequent career—so recent that it must be familiar to all—need not be detailed. He was not long in Kentucky before he gave the rebels a taste of the quality of his "Bully Dutchmen." They will never forget Mill Springs. The General commanding, and the troops alike, award that victory to Colonel M'Cook. It was one of the most glorious and most important of the war, because it broke the chain of defeats, and inaugurated a series of brilliant triumphs. It was memorable, also, as the first in the war in which bayonets were used effectively, and it was Colonel M'Cook who ordered cold steel into requisition. It was here that he was wounded, and although most men would have taken advantage of such a circumstance to enjoy a long furlough, he remained away from his post only long enough to recover sufficient strength to ride on horseback, and he returned to duty long before the wound healed—setting an example of devotion to duty eminently characteristic of himself, but of few other officers in service. After the evacuation of Bowling Green he moved forward with General Buell's command, but we believe was not in any engagement after Mill Springs. For his conduct in the latter the President promptly promoted him to a Brigadiership, and the Senate confirmed the appointment unanimously; but on account of the mutual attachment existing between himself and his splendid regiment, and on account of some dispute relative to his successor, which could not be amicably arranged, he never accepted his new commission.

Colonel M'Cook was a hardy, muscular man, of medium height. He so scorned display that he steadfastly refused to wear the uniform of his rank. He was frank and rugged, with stern decision of character, and was remarkable for his devotion to his regiment. Indeed he carried his disposition to provide for it to such an extent that he frequently had the field-officers of the whole army of Western Virginia protesting against his determined and successful efforts in securing the comfort of his command.

We gave an account of his murder in last week's paper. The following, from the *Commercial*, is another version:

The General was not riding in advance of his whole brigade, as the first accounts led us to suppose, but between the several regiments composing it. The 18th Regulars and a part of the 1st Ohio Cavalry had passed over the road ahead of him. The rebel assassins lay in waiting in brush adjoining the road all the morning, and managed to remain undiscovered by the advance body of the brigade. It is supposed that they were fully apprised by citizen spies of the General's helpless condition and mode of traveling, and formed an ambush for the special purpose of his assassination. They were about one hundred and fifty strong, and partly composed of Forrest's Cavalry, and partly of residents of the vicinity. The individual who shot the General is known to be one of the latter. The cowardly murderer goes by the name of Charles Wood.

The General was accompanied by his usual escort of twelve of the 1st Ohio Cavalry on the day of his death. Unfortunately, just before the guerrillas commenced their work, he sent three of these with orders to different portions of the brigade. At the time the attack was made three others were off the road looking out for a camping-ground. The escort was thus reduced to six. Of this corporal's guard five started to run after the first shot from the rebels. In vain did the remaining one call upon them not to act like cowards, but stand and defend their General. In vain did the latter himself order them to rally in the road between the guerrillas and his vehicle, so as to give him time to get a start. They followed their craven instincts, and sacrificed their General. The brave sixth man stood alone, and was wounded and captured. The General was riding in a spring-wagon and lying down.

Captain Hunter Brooke, formerly of this city, was riding with the General, who, owing to his feeble condition, was lying in the bottom of the box. When the guerrillas opened fire upon the conveyance, General M'Cook at once exclaimed, "The bushwhackers are upon us!" ordered the driver, his negro servant John, to turn quickly around, and rose to his knees to assist him in holding the frightened horses. The team was just fairly started when the murderer of the General came up and ordered it to halt. It being impossible to check the spirited horses at once, the team kept moving, when the guerrilla again ordered it to halt, but almost instantaneously fired the fatal shot from his carbine, although Captain Brooke begged him not to fire upon a sick man. Another rebel rode up at the same time and aimed his gun, when the General told him reproachfully, "You needn't shoot, I am already fatally wounded!" The bullet passed entirely through his body, fatally tearing the intestines.

The main body of the rebels pursued the flying escort, and but three or four remained with their victim. The General was driven to and taken into the house, at which he died, by Captain Brooke and John. He stated afterward that when the party came up to the house *the occupants, men, women, and children, clapped their hands in approbation of the rebel achievement.* In a few minutes those that had gone in pursuit came tearing back, and hurried off with Captain Brooke. John, upon the advice of the General, had previously managed to escape out of the house and through a corn-field. Shortly afterward Captain Burt and party arrived.

The General lived about twenty-four hours after being wounded. He was conscious to the last, although frequently unable to speak from the dreadful pain he was suffering. Whenever able he uttered words of advice, gratitude, and consolation to those around him. The last moments found him as firm and calm as ever he was in the face of death.

Retribution—terrible retribution—is being dealt by the 9th Ohio. The hands of the men that cheered rebel murderers will clap no more. With fire, and sword, and bayonet the scene of the foul assassination was reduced to a state of desolation from which it will not recover until time will have swept away the remembrance of the death of Robert L. M'Cook.

The M'Cook family, as we have before intimated, appears to be pretty full of fighting qualities. The following is a list of the members of this family, all near relatives of Dr. George M'Cook, Sen., of Pittsburg, who have entered their country's service. They are as follows:

A. L. M'Cook, Surgeon.

Colonel George W. M'Cook, served during the three months.

General Alexander M'Dowell M'Cook.

General Robert L. M'Cook, Colonel Ninth Ohio.

Daniel M'Cook, Jun., Adjutant-General in General M'Cook's staff.

Edward M'Cook, Captain in Colonel Logan's Illinois regiment.

Charles M'Cook, killed at the battle of Bull Run.

Judge M'Cook, his father, also had a fight on his own hook at Bolivar Heights under Colonel Geary, and was paymaster at Corinth.

Edward S. M'Cook, Lieutenant in the Regular Army.

Major Anson M'Cook, Second Ohio.

Captain Henry M'Cook, in an Illinois regiment—number not known.

Sheldon M'Cook, Lieutenant in the Navy, on the flagship *Minnesota*.

John M'Cook, Quarter-master in a Virginia regiment.

Major Anson M'Cook was in the battle of West Liberty, Kentucky.

Captain Edwin M'Cook, of Colonel Logan's regiment, lost thirty men in the battle of Belmont, Missouri.

Captain Henry M'Cook was taken prisoner at the battle of Belmont, Missouri.

Lieutenant Sheldon M'Cook is on board the flag-ship *Minnesota*, and consequently was at the capture of Port Royal and Beaufort.

Members of the family were in the following battles: Bull Run, Phillippi, Rich Mountain, Carnifex Ferry, Hatteras, Wilson's Creek, Belmont, Port Royal and Beaufort, West Liberty, and Bolivar Heights, Virginia.

THE BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN, FOUGHT AUGUST 9,

9, 1862.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 558.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets, purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER VI.

All human penetration has its limits. Accurately as Captain Wragge had seen his way hitherto, even his sharp insight was now at fault. He finished his cigar with the mortifying conviction that he was totally unprepared for Mrs. Lecount's next proceeding.

In this emergency his experience warned him that there was one safe course, and one only, which he could take. He resolved to try the confusing effect on the housekeeper of a complete change of tactics before she had time to press her advantage and attack him in the dark. With this view he sent the servant up stairs to request that Miss Bygrave would come down and speak to him.

"I hope I don't disturb you," said the captain when Magdalen entered the room. "Allow me to apologize for the smell of tobacco, and to say two words on the subject of our next proceedings. To put it with my customary frankness, Mrs. Lecount puzzles me, and I propose to return the compliment by puzzling her. The course of action which I have to suggest is a very simple one. I have had the honor of giving you a severe neuralgic attack already, and I beg your permission (when Mr. Noel Vanstone sends to inquire to-morrow morning) to take the further liberty of laying you up altogether. Question from Sea-View Cottage: 'How is Miss Bygrave this morning?' Answer from North Shingles: 'Much worse; Miss Bygrave is confined to her room.' Question repeated every day, say for a fortnight: 'How is Miss Bygrave?' Answer repeated, if necessary, for the same time: 'No better.' Can you bear the imprisonment? I see no objection to your getting a breath of fresh air the first thing in the morning or the last thing at night. But for the whole of the day, there is no disguising it, you must put yourself in the same category with Mrs. Wragge—you must keep your room."

"What is your object in wishing me to do this?" inquired Magdalen.

"My object is two-fold," replied the captain. "I blush for my own stupidity; but the fact is I can't see my way plainly to Mrs. Lecount's next move. All I feel sure of is, that she means to make another attempt at opening her master's eyes to the truth. Whatever means she may employ to discover your identity, personal communication with you *must* be necessary to the accomplishment of her object. Very good. If I stop that communication, I put an obstacle in her way at starting—or, as we say at cards, I force her hand. Do you see the point?"

Magdalen saw it plainly. The captain went on:

"My second reason for shutting you up," he said, "refers entirely to Mrs. Lecount's master. The growth of love, my dear girl, is, in one respect, unlike all other growths—it flourishes under adverse circumstances. Our first course of action is to make Mr. Noel Vanstone feel the charm of your society. Our next is to drive him distracted by the loss of it. I should have proposed a few more meetings, with a view to furthering this end, but for our present critical position toward Mrs. Lecount. As it is, we must trust to the effect you produced yesterday, and try the experiment of a sudden separation rather sooner than I should have otherwise wished. I shall see Mr. Noel Vanstone, though you don't—and if there *is* a raw place established any where about the region of that gentleman's heart, trust me to hit him on it! You are now in full possession of my views. Take your time to consider, and give me your answer—Yes or No."

"Any change is for the better," said Magdalen, "which keeps me out of the company of Mrs. Lecount and her master! Let it be as you wish."

She had hitherto answered faintly and wearily; but she spoke those last words with a heightened tone and a rising color—signs which warned Captain Wragge not to press her farther.

"Very good," said the captain. "As usual, we understand each other. I see you are tired, and I won't detain you any longer."

He rose to open the door, stopped half-way to it, and came back again. "Leave me to arrange matters with the servant down stairs," he continued. "You can't absolutely keep your bed, and we must purchase the girl's discretion when she answers the door—without taking her into our confidence, of course. I will make her understand that she is to say you are ill, just as she might say you are not at home, as a way of keeping unwelcome acquaintances out of the house. Allow me to open the door for you. I beg your pardon, you are going into Mrs. Wragge's work-room instead of going to your own."

"I know I am," said Magdalen. "I wish to remove Mrs. Wragge from the worst room in the house and to take her up stairs with me."

"For the evening?"

"For the whole fortnight."

Captain Wragge followed her into the dining-room, and wisely closed the door before he spoke again.

"Do you seriously mean to inflict my wife's society on yourself for a fortnight?" he asked, in great surprise.

"Your wife is the only innocent creature in this guilty house," she burst out, vehemently. "I must and will have her with me!"

"Pray don't agitate yourself," said the captain. "Take Mrs. Wragge, by all means. I don't want her." Having resigned the partner of his existence in those terms, he discreetly returned to the parlor. "The weakness of the sex!" thought the captain, tapping his sagacious head. "Lay a strain on the female intellect—and the female temper gives way directly."

The strain to which the captain alluded was not confined that evening to the female intellect at North Shingles: it extended to the female intellect at Sea View. For nearly two hours Mrs. Lecount sat at her desk, writing, correcting, and writing again, before she could produce a letter to Miss Vanstone the elder which exactly accomplished the object she wanted to attain. At last the rough draft was completed to her satisfaction, and she made a fair copy of it forthwith, to be posted the next day.

Her letter thus produced was a master-piece of ingenuity. After the first preliminary sentences the housekeeper plainly informed Norah of the appearance of the visitor in disguise at Vauxhall Walk; of the conversation which passed at the interview; and of her own suspicion that the person claiming to be Miss Garth was, in all probability, the younger Miss Vanstone herself. Having told the truth thus far, Mrs. Lecount next proceeded to say that her master was in possession of evidence which would justify him in putting the law in force; that he knew the conspiracy with which he was threatened to be then in process of direction against him at Aldborough; and that he only hesitated to protect himself in deference to family considerations, and in the hope that the elder Miss Vanstone might so influence her sister as to render it unnecessary to proceed to extremities.

Under these circumstances (the letter continued) it was plainly necessary that the disguised visitor to Vauxhall Walk should be properly identified—for if Mrs. Lecount's guess proved to be wrong, and if the person turned out to be a stranger, Mr. Noel Vanstone was positively resolved to prosecute in his own defense. Events at Aldborough, on which it was not necessary to dwell, would enable Mrs. Lecount in a few days to gain sight of the suspected person, in her own character. But as the housekeeper was entirely unacquainted with the younger Miss Vanstone, it was obviously desirable that some better informed person should, in this particular, take the matter in hand. If the elder Miss Vanstone happened to be at liberty to come to Aldborough herself, would she kindly write and say so? and Mrs. Lecount would write back again to appoint a day. If, on the other hand, Miss Vanstone was prevented from taking the journey, Mrs. Lecount suggested that her reply should contain the fullest description of her sister's personal appearance—should mention any little peculiarities which might exist in the way of marks on her face or her hands—and should state (in case she had written lately) what the address was in her last letter, and failing that, what the postmark was on the envelope. With this information to help her, Mrs. Lecount would, in the interest of the misguided young lady herself, accept the responsibility of privately identifying her; and would write back immediately to acquaint the elder Miss Vanstone with the result.

The difficulty of sending this letter to the right address gave Mrs. Lecount very little trouble. Remembering the name of the lawyer who had pleaded the cause of the two sisters, in Michael Vanstone's time, she directed her letter to "Miss Vanstone, care of —— Pendril, Esquire, London." This she inclosed in a second envelope, addressed to Mr. Noel Vanstone's solicitor, with a line inside, requesting that gentleman to send it at once to the office of Mr. Pendril.

"Now," thought Mrs. Lecount, as she locked the letter up in her desk, preparatory to posting it the next day, with her own hand, "Now I have got her!"

The next morning the servant from Sea View came, with her master's compliments, to make inquiries after Miss Bygrave's health. Captain Wragge's bulletin was duly announced—Miss Bygrave was so ill as to be confined to her room.

On the reception of this intelligence, Mr. Noel Vanstone's anxiety led him to call at North Shingles himself, when he went out for his afternoon walk. Miss Bygrave was no better. He inquired if he could see Mr. Bygrave. The wary captain was prepared to meet this emergency. He thought a little irritating suspense would do Mr. Noel Vanstone no harm; and he had carefully charged the servant, in case of necessity, with her answer: "Mr. Bygrave begged to be excused; he was not able to see any one."

On the second day inquiries were made as before, by message in the morning, and by Mr. Noel Vanstone himself in the afternoon. The morning answer relating to Magdalen was, "A shade better." The afternoon answer (relating to Captain Wragge) was, "Mr. Bygrave has just gone out." That evening Mr. Noel Vanstone's temper was very uncertain; and Mrs. Lecount's patience and tact were sorely tried in the effort to avoid offending him.

On the third morning the report of the suffering young lady was less favorable—"Miss Bygrave was still very poorly, and not able to leave her bed." The servant, returning to Sea View with this message, met the postman, and took into the breakfast-room with her two letters addressed to Mrs. Lecount.

The first letter was in a handwriting familiar to the housekeeper. It was from the medical attendant on her invalid brother at Zurich; and it announced that the patient's malady had latterly altered in so marked a manner for the better that there was every hope now of preserving his life.

The address on the second letter was in a strange handwriting. Mrs. Lecount, concluding that it was the answer from Miss Vanstone, waited to read it until breakfast was over, and she could retire to her own room.

She opened the letter, looked at once for the name at the end, and started a little as she read it. The signature was not "Norah Vanstone," but "Harriet Garth."

Miss Garth's letter announced that the elder Miss Vanstone had, a week since, accepted an engagement as governess—subject to the condition of joining the family of her employer at their temporary residence in the south of France, and of returning with them when they came back to England, probably in a month or six weeks' time. During the interval of this necessary absence Miss Vanstone had requested Miss Garth to open all her letters; her main object in making that arrangement being to provide for the speedy answering of any communication which might arrive for her from her sister. Miss Magdalen Vanstone had not written since the middle of July—on which occasion the post-mark on the letter showed that it must have been posted in London, in the district of Lambeth—and her elder sister had left England in a state of the most distressing anxiety on her account.

Having completed this explanation Miss Garth then mentioned that family circumstances prevented her from traveling personally to Aldborough to assist Mrs. Lecount's object, but that she was provided with a substitute, in every way fitter for the purpose, in the person of Mr. Pendril. That gentleman was well acquainted with Miss Magdalen Vanstone; and his professional experience and discretion would render his assistance doubly valuable. He had kindly consented to travel to Aldborough whenever it might be thought necessary. But as his time was very valuable, Miss Garth specially requested that he might not be sent for until Mrs. Lecount was quite sure of the day on which his services might be required.

While proposing this arrangement Miss Garth added that she thought it right to furnish her correspondent with a written description of the younger Miss Vanstone as well. An emergency might happen which would allow Mrs. Lecount no time for securing Mr. Pendril's services; and the execution of Mr. Noel Vanstone's intentions toward the unhappy girl who was the object of his forbearance might be fatally delayed by an unforeseen difficulty in establishing her identity. The personal description, transmitted under these circumstances, then followed. It omitted no personal peculiarity by which Magdalen could be recognized; and it included the "two little moles close together on the left side of the neck," which had been formerly mentioned in the printed hand-bills sent to York.

In conclusion Miss Garth expressed her fears that Mrs. Lecount's suspicions were only too likely to be proved true. While, however, there was the faintest chance that the conspiracy might turn out to be directed by a stranger, Miss Garth felt bound in gratitude toward Mr. Noel Vanstone, to assist the legal proceedings which would, in that case, be instituted. She accordingly appended her own formal denial—which she would personally repeat if necessary—of any identity between herself and the person in disguise who had made use of her name. She was the Miss Garth who had filled the situation of the late Mr. Andrew Vanstone's governess; and she had never in her life been in, or near, the neighborhood of Vauxhall Walk.

With this disclaimer—and with the writer's fervent assurances that she would do all for Magdalen's advantage which her sister might have done if her sister had been in England—the letter concluded. It was signed in full, and was dated with the business-like accuracy in such matters which had always distinguished Miss Garth's character.

This letter placed a formidable weapon in the housekeeper's hands.

It provided a means of establishing Miss Bygrave's identity through the intervention of a lawyer by profession. It contained a personal description minute enough to be used to advantage, if necessary, before Mr. Pendril's appearance. It presented a signed exposure of the false Miss Garth, under the hand of the true Miss Garth; and it established the fact that the last letter received by the elder Miss Vanstone from the younger had been posted (and therefore probably written) in the neighborhood of Vauxhall Walk. If any later letter had been received, with the Aldborough post-mark, the chain of evidence, so far as the question of localities was concerned, might doubtless have been more complete. But, as it was, there was testimony enough (aided as that testimony might be, by the fragment of the brown alpaca dress still in Mrs. Lecount's possession) to raise the veil which hung over the conspiracy, and to place Mr. Noel Vanstone face to face with the plain and startling truth.

The one obstacle which now stood in the way of immediate action on the housekeeper's part, was the obstacle of Miss Bygrave's present seclusion within the limits of her own room. The question of gaining personal access to her, was a question which must be decided before any communication could be opened with Mr. Pendril. Mrs. Lecount put on her bonnet at once, and called at North Shingles to try what discoveries she could make for herself before post-time.

On this occasion Mr. Bygrave was at home, and she was admitted without the least difficulty.

Careful consideration that morning had decided Captain Wragge on advancing matters a little nearer to the crisis. The means by which he proposed achieving this result made it necessary for him to see the housekeeper and her master separately, and to set them at variance by producing two totally opposite impressions relating to himself on their minds. Mrs. Le-

"A MYSTERY IN HIS OWN HOUSE, UNDER HIS OWN NOSE! WHAT DID IT MEAN?"

count's visit, therefore, instead of causing him any embarrassment, was the most welcome occurrence he could have wished for. He received her in the parlor with a marked restraint of manner for which she was quite unprepared. His ingratiating smile was gone and an impenetrable solemnity of countenance appeared in its stead.

"I have ventured to intrude on you, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount, "to express the regret with which both my master and I have heard of Miss Bygrave's illness. Is there no improvement?"

"No, ma'am," replied the captain, as briefly as possible. "My niece is no better."

"I have had some experience, Mr. Bygrave, in nursing. If I could be of any use—"

"Thank you, Mrs. Lecount. There is no necessity for our taking advantage of your kindness."

This plain answer was followed by a moment's silence. The housekeeper felt some little perplexity. What had become of Mr. Bygrave's elaborate courtesy, and Mr. Bygrave's many words? Did he want to offend her? If he did, Mrs. Lecount then and there determined that he should not gain his object.

"May I inquire the nature of the illness?" she persisted. "It is not connected, I hope, with our excursion to Dunwich?"

"I regret to say, ma'am," replied the captain, "it began with that neuralgic attack in the carriage."

"So! so!" thought Mrs. Lecount. "He doesn't even *try* to make me think the illness a real one; he throws off the mask at starting!—Is it a nervous illness, Sir?" she added, aloud.

The captain answered by a solemn affirmative inclination of the head.

"Then you have *two* nervous sufferers in the house, Mr. Bygrave?"

"Yes, ma'am—two. My wife and my niece."

"That is rather a strange coincidence of misfortunes."

"It is, ma'am. Very strange."

In spite of Mrs. Lecount's resolution not to be offended, Captain Wragge's exasperating insensibility to every stroke she aimed at him began to ruffle her. She was conscious of some little difficulty in securing her self-possession before she could say any thing more.

"Is there no immediate hope," she resumed, "of Miss Bygrave being able to leave her room?"

"None whatever, ma'am."

"You are satisfied, I suppose, with the medical attendance?"

"I have no medical attendance," said the captain, composedly. "I watch the case myself."

The gathering venom in Mrs. Lecount swelled up at that reply, and overflowed at her lips.

"Your smattering of science, Sir," she said, with a malicious smile, "includes, I presume, a smattering of medicine as well?"

"It does, ma'am," answered the captain, without the slightest disturbance of face or manner. "I know as much of one as I do of the other."

The tone in which he spoke those words left Mrs. Lecount but one dignified alternative. She rose to terminate the interview. The temptation of the moment proved too much for her; and she could not resist casting the shadow of a threat over Captain Wragge at parting.

"I defer thanking you, Sir, for the manner in which you have received me," she said, "until I can pay my debt of obligation to some purpose. In the mean time I am glad to infer, from the absence of a medical attendant in the house, that Miss Bygrave's illness is much less serious than I had supposed it to be when I came here."

"I never contradict a lady, ma'am," rejoined the incorrigible captain. "If it is your pleasure, when we next meet, to think my niece quite well, I shall bow resignedly to the expression of your opinion." With those words, he followed the housekeeper into the passage, and politely opened the door for her. "I mark the trick, ma'am!" he said to himself, as he closed it again. "The trump-card in your hand is a sight of my niece, and I'll take care you don't play it!"

He returned to the parlor and composedly awaited the next event which was likely to happen—a visit from Mrs. Lecount's master. In less than an hour results justified Captain Wragge's anticipations, and Mr. Noel Vanstone walked in.

"My dear Sir!" cried the captain, cordially seizing his visitor's reluctant hand, "I know what you have come for. Mrs. Lecount has told you of her visit here, and has no doubt declared that my niece's illness is a mere subterfuge. You feel surprised, you feel hurt—you suspect me of trifling with your kind sympathies—in short, you require an explanation. That explanation you shall have. Take a seat, Mr. Vanstone. I am about to throw myself on your sense and judgment as a man of the world. I acknowledge that we are in a false position, Sir; and I tell you plainly at the outset—your housekeeper is the cause of it."

For once in his life Mr. Noel Vanstone opened his eyes. "Lecount!" he exclaimed, in the utmost bewilderment.

"The same, Sir," replied Captain Wragge. "I am afraid I offended Mrs. Lecount, when she came here this morning, by a want of cordiality in my manner. I am a plain man, and I can't assume what I don't feel. Far be it from me to breathe a word against your housekeeper's character. She is, no doubt, a most excellent and trust-worthy woman; but she has one serious failing common to persons at her time of life who occupy her situation—she is jealous of her influence over her master, although you may not have observed it."

"I beg your pardon," interposed Mr. Noel Vanstone; "my observation is remarkably quick. Nothing escapes it."

"In that case, Sir," resumed the captain, "you can not fail to have noticed that Mrs. Lecount has allowed her jealousy to affect her conduct toward my niece?"

Mr. Noel Vanstone thought of the domestic passage at arms between Mrs. Lecount and himself when his guests of the evening had left Sea View, and failed to see his way to any direct reply. He expressed the utmost surprise and distress—he thought Lecount had done her best to be agreeable on the drive to Dunwich—he hoped and trusted there was some unfortunate mistake.

"Do you mean to say, Sir," pursued the captain, severely, "that you have not noticed the circumstance yourself? As a man of honor and a man of observation, you can't tell me that! Your housekeeper's superficial civility has not hidden your housekeeper's real feeling. My niece has seen it, and so have you, and so have I. My niece, Mr. Vanstone, is a sensitive, high-spirited girl; and she has positively declined to cultivate Mrs. Lecount's society for the future. Don't misunderstand me! To my niece, as well as to myself, the attraction of *your* society, Mr. Vanstone, remains the same. Miss Bygrave simply declines to be an apple of discord (if you will permit the classical allusion?) cast into your household. I think she is right, so far; and I frankly confess that I have exaggerated a nervous indisposition, from which she is really suffering, into a serious illness—purely and entirely to prevent these two ladies, for the present, from meeting every day on the parade, and from carrying unpleasant impressions of each other into your domestic establishment and mine."

"I allow nothing unpleasant in *my* establishment," remarked Mr. Noel Vanstone. "I'm master—you must have noticed that already, Mr. Bygrave?—I'm master."

"No doubt of it, my dear Sir. But to live morning, noon, and night in the perpetual exercise of your authority is more like the life of a governor of a prison than the life of a master of a household. The wear and tear—consider the wear and tear."

"It strikes you in that light, does it?" said Mr. Noel Vanstone, soothed by Captain Wragge's ready recognition of his authority. "I don't know that you're not right. But I must take some steps directly. I won't be made ridiculous—I'll send Lecount away altogether sooner than be made ridiculous." His color rose; and he folded his little arms fiercely. Captain Wragge's artfully-irritating explanation had awakened that dormant suspicion of his housekeeper's influence over him, which habitually lay hidden in his mind, and which Mrs. Lecount was now not present to charm back to repose as usual. "What must Miss Bygrave think of me!" he exclaimed, with a sudden outburst of vexation. "I'll send Lecount away—damme, I'll send Lecount away on the spot!"

"No, no, no!" said the captain, whose interest it was to avoid driving Mrs. Lecount to any desperate extremities. "Why take strong measures when mild measures will do? Mrs. Lecount is an old servant; Mrs. Lecount is attached and useful. She has this little drawback of jealousy—jealousy of her domestic position with her bachelor master. She sees you paying courteous attention to a handsome young lady; she sees that young lady properly sensible of your politeness—and, poor soul, she loses her temper! What is the obvious remedy? Humor her—make a manly concession to the weaker sex. If Mrs. Lecount is with you the next time we meet on the parade walk the other way. If Mrs. Lecount is not with you, gives us the pleasure of your company by all means. In short, my dear Sir, try the *suaviter in modo* (as we classical men say) before you commit yourself to the *fortiter in re!*"

There was one excellent reason why Mr. Noel Vanstone should take Captain Wragge's conciliatory advice. An open rupture with Mrs. Lecount—even if he could have summoned the courage to face it—would imply the recognition of her claims to a provision in acknowledgment of the services she had rendered to his father and to himself. His sordid nature quailed within him at the bare prospect of expressing the emotion of gratitude in a pecuniary form; and after first consulting appearances by a show of hesitation, he consented to adopt the captain's suggestion, and to humor Mrs. Lecount.

"But I must be considered in this matter," proceeded Mr. Noel Vanstone. "My concession to Lecount's weakness must not be misunderstood. Miss Bygrave must not be allowed to suppose I am afraid of my housekeeper."

The captain declared that no such idea ever had entered or ever could enter Miss Bygrave's mind. Mr. Noel Vanstone returned to the subject nevertheless, again and again, with his customary pertinacity. Would it be indiscreet if he asked leave to set himself right personally with Miss Bygrave? Was there any hope that he might have the happiness of seeing her on that day? or, if not, on the next day? or, if not, on the day after? Captain Wragge answered cautiously: he felt the importance of not rousing Noel Vanstone's distrust by too great an alacrity in complying with his wishes.

"An interview to-day, my dear Sir, is out of the question," he said. "She is not well enough; she wants repose. To-morrow I propose taking her out before the heat of the day begins—not merely to avoid embarrassment after what has happened with Mrs. Lecount—but because the morning air and the morning quiet are essential in these nervous cases. We are early people here—we shall start at seven o'clock. If you are early too, and if you would like to join us, I need hardly say that we can feel no objection to your company on our morning walk. The hour, I am aware, is an unusual one—but later in the day my niece may be resting on the sofa, and may not be able to see visitors."

Having made this proposal, purely for the purpose of enabling Mr. Noel Vanstone to escape to North Shingles at an hour in the morning when his housekeeper would be probably in bed, Captain Wragge left him to take the hint, if he could, as indirectly as it had been given. He proved sharp enough (the case being one in which his own interests were concerned) to close with the proposal on the spot. Politely declaring that he was always an early man when the morning presented any special attraction to him, he accepted the appointment for seven o'clock, and rose soon afterward to take his leave.

"One word at parting," said Captain Wragge. "This conversation is entirely between ourselves. Mrs. Lecount must know nothing of the impression she has produced on my niece. I have only mentioned it to you to account for my apparently churlish conduct, and to satisfy your own mind. In confidence, Mr. Vanstone—strictly in confidence. Good-morning!"

With these parting words the captain bowed his visitor out. Unless some unexpected disaster occurred, he now saw his way safely to the end of the enterprise. He had gained two important steps in advance that morning. He had sown the seeds of variance between the housekeeper and her master, and he had given Mr. Noel Vanstone a common interest with Magdalen and himself in keeping a secret from Mrs. Lecount. "We have caught our man," thought Captain Wragge, cheerfully rubbing his hands—"we have caught our man at last!"

On leaving North Shingles Mr. Noel Vanstone walked straight home, fully restored to his place in his own estimation, and sternly determined to carry matters with a high hand if he found himself in collision with Mrs. Lecount.

The housekeeper received her master at the door with her mildest manner and her gentlest smile. She addressed him with downcast eyes; she opposed to his contemplated assertion of independence a barrier of impenetrable respect.

"May I venture to ask, Sir," she began, "if your visit to North Shingles has led you to form the same conclusion as mine on the subject of Miss Bygrave's illness?"

"Certainly not, Lecount. I consider your conclusion to have been both hasty and prejudiced."

"I am sorry to hear it, Sir. I felt hurt by Mr. Bygrave's rude reception of me—but I was not aware that my judgment was prejudiced by it. Perhaps he received *you*, Sir, with a warmer welcome?"

"He received me like a gentleman—that is all I think it necessary to say, Lecount—he received me like a gentleman."

This answer satisfied Mrs. Lecount on the one doubtful point that had perplexed her. Whatever Mr. Bygrave's sudden coolness toward herself might mean, his polite reception of her master implied that the risk of detection had not daunted him, and that the conspiracy was still in full progress. The housekeeper's eyes brightened. She had expressly calculated on this result. After a moment's thinking she addressed her master with another question:

"You will probably visit Mr. Bygrave again, Sir?"

"Of course I shall visit him—if I please."

"And perhaps see Miss Bygrave, if she gets better?"

"Why not? I should be glad to know why not? Is it necessary to ask your leave first, Lecount?"

"By no means, Sir. As you have often said (and as I have often agreed with you), you are master. It may surprise you to hear it, Mr. Noel, but I have a private reason for wishing that you should see Miss Bygrave again."

Mr. Noel started a little, and looked at his housekeeper with some curiosity.

"I have a strange fancy of my own, Sir, about that young lady," proceeded Mrs. Lecount. "If you will excuse my fancy, and indulge it, you will do me a favor for which I shall be very grateful."

"A fancy?" repeated her master, in growing surprise. "What fancy?"

"Only this, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount.

She took from one of the neat little pockets of her apron a morsel of note paper, carefully folded into the smallest possible compass, and respectfully placed it in Noel Vanstone's hand.

"If you are willing to oblige an old and faithful servant, Mr. Noel," she said, in a very quiet and very impressive manner, "you will kindly put that morsel of paper into your waistcoat-pocket; you will open and read it, for the first time, *when you are next in Miss Bygrave's company*; and you will say nothing of what has now passed between us to any living creature, from this time to that. I promise to explain my strange request, Sir, when you have done what I ask, and when your next interview with Miss Bygrave has come to an end."

She courtesied with her best grace, and quietly left the room.

Mr. Noel Vanstone looked from the folded paper to the door, and from the door back to the folded paper, in unutterable astonishment. A mystery in his own house, under his own nose! What did it mean?

It meant that Mrs. Lecount had not wasted her time that morning. While the captain was casting the net over his visitor at North Shingles, the housekeeper was steadily mining the ground under his feet. The folded paper contained nothing less than a carefully-written extract from the personal description of Magdalen in Miss Garth's letter. With a daring ingenuity which even Captain Wragge might have envied, Mrs. Lecount had found her instrument for exposing the conspiracy, in the unsuspecting person of the victim himself!

WRITTEN IN SAND.

THE thymy western wind swept warm
Down all the slopes of the silent shore;
The light was fading fast; and my arm
Held the woman whom I adore.

She has a stately Juno-face
Who has promis'd to stoop to be my wife;
A calm, unfalt'ring voice, and the grace
That comes with knowledge of life.

And as she look'd on the dark'ning sea,
And as I look'd in her eyes divine,
"You may write on the sand," she said to me,
"The name that will soon be mine."

The night was warm, and the honey-breath
Of her rich red lips was on my cheek;
But across me there swoon'd the coldness of death,
And my tongue refused to speak.

For full on my ear, with a sudden rush,
There fell the sound of a distant shore;
And before me there rose the delicate blush
Of a cheek that shall blush no more.

And all the wealth of my present bliss,
The stately Juno-face at my side,
The half-caressant, half-careless kiss
Of her who shall be my bride—

Pass'd into darkness . . . and we stood,
My love and I, by the little bay,
Shelter'd over with ilex-wood,
In the dying April day.

And as I read her eyes' soft shame,
And as I held her trembling hand,
Slowly I wrote again a name
That was never writ save in sand!

"Ah, not for me!" said a childish voice;
"That hope is all too high for me.
I am not worthy to be your choice:
Blot it away, O sea!"

And as the tide rose high, a wave,
Sudden and cold, swept the sweet name over;
And then I remember'd a far-off grave,
And that I had forgot to love her.

* * * * * *

But still, wherever we walk'd that night,
My bride and I, through the twilight gray,
Written in letters distinct and white,
Two words before me lay.

And not for thrice her father's land,
And not for thrice the charms of my bride,
Could I have written a name i' the sand,
Save the name of her who died.

THE GUERRILLAS IN THE WEST.

ON page 548 we publish an illustration of the SACKING OF A CITY IN THE WEST BY THE GUERRILLAS under John Morgan. This shameless miscreant boasted, when he returned to his rebel friends in East Tennessee, that he had destroyed $2,000,000 worth of property during his raid into Kentucky. He did not enumerate the murders or the rapes committed by his men; but we know from many sources that they constitute a formidable catalogue of crime. Guerrilla warfare involves, as a matter of necessity, the four highest crimes in the calendar—murder, rape, robbery, and arson. The bond which unites members of a guerrilla band together is love of plunder, lust, and violence. War, as carried on by civilized armies, has no attractions for them. It would not pay them. To reward them for the risks they run and the hardships they encounter without pay, they must make free with life, female purity, and property. Wherever Morgan has penetrated shrieks of agony have gone up to Heaven from outraged matrons and maidens, butchered children, and sacked households. Parson Brownlow's book informs us of the degree of humanity possessed by the ruffians who ride with Morgan. Such God-forsaken wretches can not be found any where in the world out of the Feejee Islands and the Southern Slave States. The day will come when the West will exact a fearful retribution for the wrongs she is enduring at the hands of these creatures of slavery. Meanwhile they go on desolating one of the fairest regions of the world, without the poor credit of helping their bad cause one single hair's-breadth.

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

WE publish on page 557 a couple of pictures of the Army of Virginia, one representing a REVIEW OF GENERAL SIEGEL'S ARMY by Major-General Pope, from a drawing by Mr. Anton Kellner; the other, representing the RECEPTION OF CONTRABANDS AT COLONEL CLUSERET'S HEAD-QUARTERS, from a sketch by our special artist, Mr. Davenport.

General Siegel commands the army lately commanded by General Frémont: it is said to be in a high condition of efficiency. Its commander is known to be one of the ablest and most skillful of the foreign-born officers in our service. He won his laurels in Germany in 1848, and here he attracted general attention and won high fame by his conduct at the Battle of Pea Ridge, in Arkansas. When the right time comes General Siegel will be heard from.

Contrabands are flocking in to the army of Virginia in very large numbers. From the reports of the rebels themselves it appears that the able-bodied slaves in the northern counties of Virginia are rapidly disappearing. Well they may. We offer them freedom and work at good wages in exchange for slavery, the whipping-block, and the prospect of being sold South. By-and-by we shall have enough of them on hand to build all our fortifications and do the work of laborers for the whole army.

THE LATE GENERAL R. L. M'COOK.—Photographed by R. Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati.—[See Page 551.]

THE REBEL GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON.

We publish on this page, from a photograph by Brady, a portrait of the famous rebel General Thomas Jefferson Jackson, better known as Stonewall Jackson.

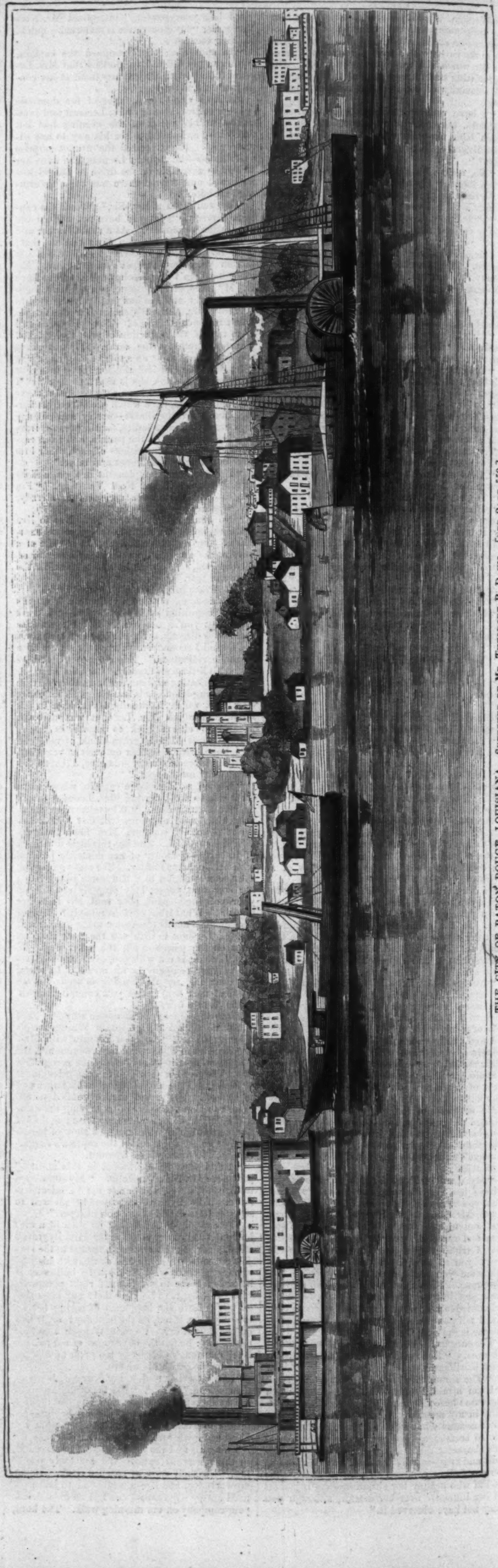
Thomas J. Jackson was born in Virginia about the year 1825, and is consequently about thirty-eight years of age. He graduated at West Point in, 1846, and in the following year accompanied Magruder's battery to Mexico. At Contreras and Churubusco he distinguished himself so highly on the field that he was brevetted Captain for gallantry. At Chapultepec he again won laurels, and was brevetted Major for gallant and meritorious conduct. On his return from Mexico he was for some time in command at Fort Hamilton; but in 1842 he resigned his rank. At the outbreak of the rebellion Major Jackson was one of those Southerners who were greatly embarrassed to discover the true line of their duty. He had married a Northern wife, was an honorable and conscientious man, and long hesitated what course to pursue. It is stated that his father-in-law, a Northern clergyman, visited him, and urged him to remain faithful to his country and his flag. They spent several hours in prayer together, and Jackson confessed that the struggle was sore. But finally the pernicious doctrine of State Rights, which Jackson, like so many other gallant Southrons, had imbibed early in life, won the day: "I must go with Virginia!" he cried, and plunged headlong into the vortex of treason.

As a rebel officer he has been energetic, lucky, and skillful. At Bull Run he won his *cognomen* of "Stonewall" by promising Beauregard that his brigade should stand like a stone wall before the enemy; the promise was kept. He fought Shields near Winchester, in March last, with rather indifferent success. But his pursuit of Banks down the Shenandoah Valley was very successful, and infused some heart into the rebel cause. Again, in June, his attack on M'Clellan's right wing at Mechanicsville helped his fame among his people. At Cedar Mountain his design showed skill, but the steady courage of Banks's troops foiled his purpose. He will shortly come to close quarters with a General who is fully his match—John Pope.

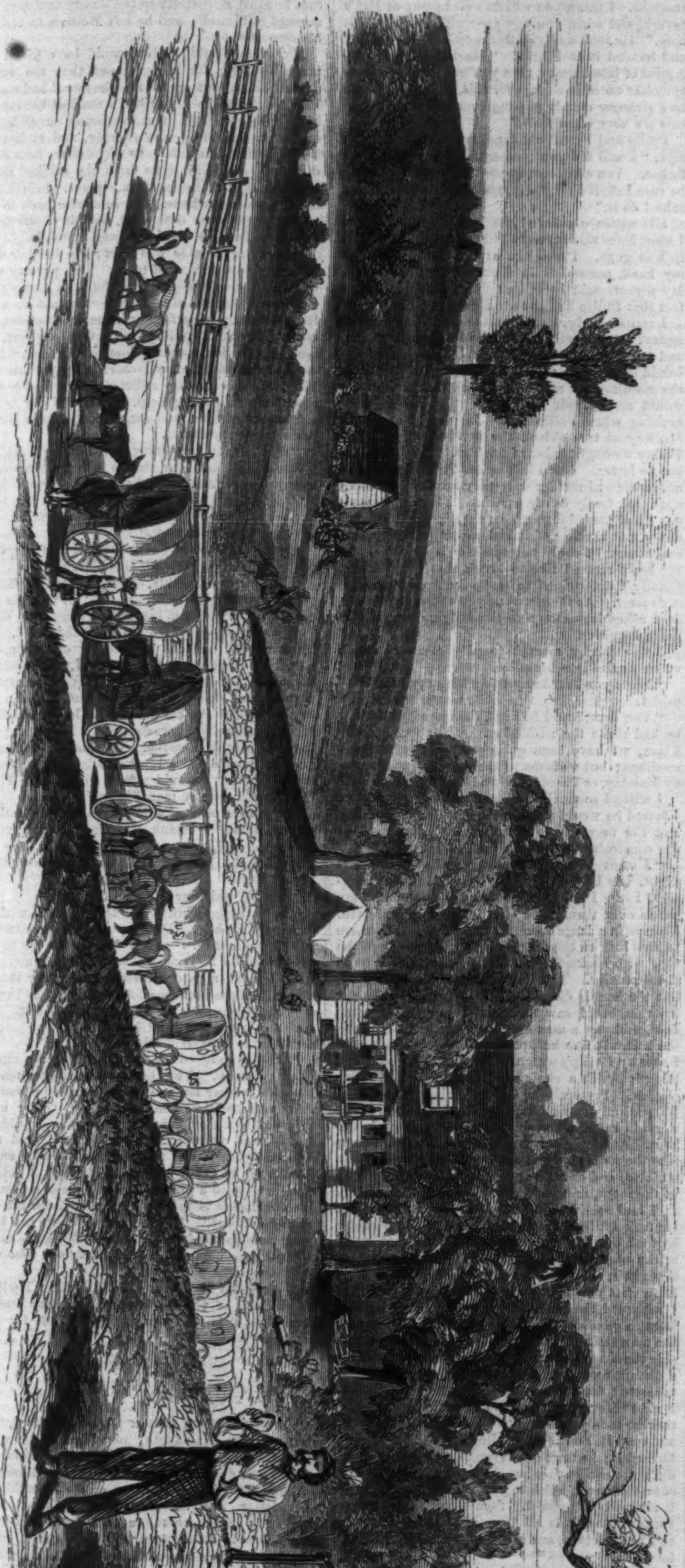
Stonewall Jackson is by all odds the ablest officer in the rebel army. Beauregard, who was a year ago considered their crack leader, evinced a sad lack of capacity in the contest in the West. He was completely outgeneraled by Halleck, and had the mortification of seeing his army disperse and leave him without a command after the evacuation of Corinth. He is now said to be living in retirement in Mississippi, overwhelmed by remorse.

Neither Lee nor Johnson have fulfilled their promise.

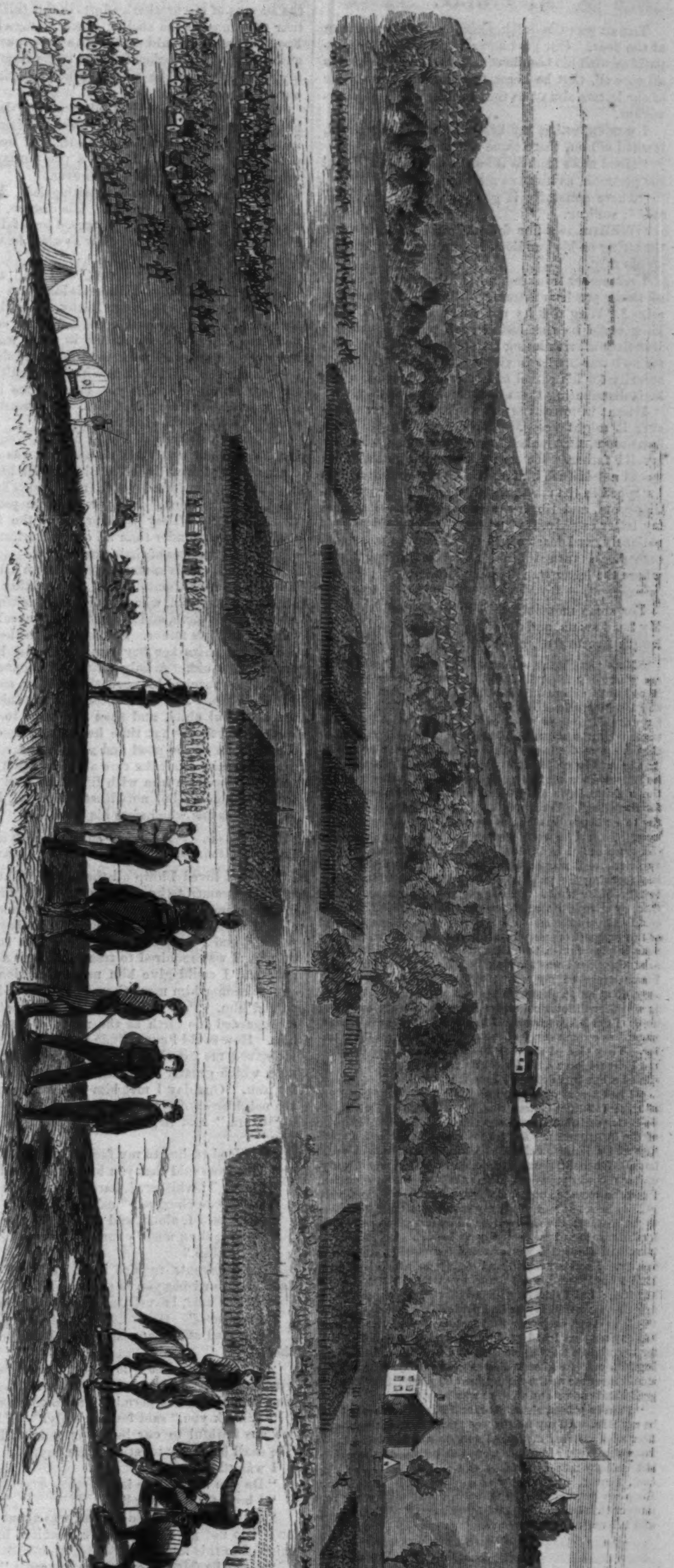
THE REBEL GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON.—[Photographed by Brady.]



THE CITY OF BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 559.]



THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA—CONTRABANDS COMING IN TO COLONEL CLUSERET'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—Sketched by Mr. Davenport.—[See Page 555.]



THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA—SIEGEL'S CORPS BEING REVIEWED BY MAJOR-GENERAL POPE.—Sketched by Mr. Anton Kellner.—[See Page 555.]

MY PHILIP.

There was the quick, sharp rap of the postman at the door. Our postman always seemed to sympathize with his bundle of letters; and he knew us all so well, that he knew the contents or subjects of our letters almost as well as if he had been clairvoyant.

I was expecting my brother on that day; and, instead of him, there came a letter.

"Good news from William, I don't doubt," said the postman, as he gave me change.

"There generally is good news from brother," said I, smiling.

"William is a fine fellow," said he, tightening the string on his bundle of letters, and then he went on his way.

I remember thinking, what if he should lose one of those precious letters? What if he had lost mine? Why did he not carry them in a bag? How could he risk losing such precious things? But they all risk losing letters just the same way, for no letter-carrier in city or village ever uses any security for his parcel of letters but a string while he is distributing them to their many owners.

I went in to read my news from brother, whatever, it might be. My mother was in the large front-room, that looked toward the south, with my invalid father. He was taking his dinner, and I would not disturb him even with my treasure. So I stopped in the room, which was dining-room, sitting-room, and library, in our cottage. I opened my letter eagerly. I had not then learned to wait patiently, and least of all where letters were concerned. I turned blind and faint when I saw where the letter was dated.

"Medway Jail."

For some moments I in vain essayed to read. My head swam; and darkness veiled my eyes. At length I recovered, and read:

"My dear Sister,—You will be surprised when you see where my letter is dated. Since I last wrote you, I have had fair success in collecting the debts due to father; and I began to be encouraged, and to think I saw daylight for us. Three days ago I called on Mix, who keeps the tavern by the steamboat-landing. You will remember that his was the largest debt owing to father here. At first he said he could not pay me any thing. Then he said he supposed the night's receipts would be pretty good, as the night-train on the railroad would bring a good many for the morning boat; and they must stay with him, for the other house was bad at best, and was being painted now. He said he would give me something on the debt in the morning. I had intended to be at home on the twenty-first, and it was hard to be detained; but I staid. In the morning he gave me one hundred dollars, in five twenty-dollar notes. I made my calculations, and found that by giving up my stoppages at two other places I could still be at home on the twenty-first. I was so glad of the prospect of so soon seeing you and mother, and our dear helpless father, that I trembled with joy. I trembled so much when I was shaving that I cut my chin. After I was again on my way the blood kept oozing, and I stepped at an apothecary's to get a piece of court-plaster. It was near the station, where I was to take the cars, and a mile from Mix's tavern. I had bought the court-plaster, when I saw some surgical instruments lying on the counter. They pleased me very much; and as father had told me I should have a set for collecting, as soon as I had received a hundred dollars, I bought them.

"I had a sort of misgiving about the money I had got of Mix; I did not believe that it was bad, but I wished to be better satisfied than I was about it. I asked the price of the instruments. They were sold. There was a turnkey and a lancet, valued at three dollars, that I could have. I bought them, and tendered one of my twenty-dollar notes in payment. It was taken without question. I put the change and my instruments in my pocket, very glad to be set at rest about my money. I then went over to the station; the cars started in an hour, I was told, and I sat down to wait as patiently as I could. Before half an hour had elapsed I was arrested for passing counterfeit money. I was searched, and eighty dollars, of the same kind I had passed, were found upon me. At first I was horrified; but I sent immediately for Mix, scarcely doubting that he would say he had paid me the money. He refused to come, declaring that he had paid me no money; but saying that I had paid him a bad twenty-dollar note for my night's lodging, supper, and breakfast, thus cheating him out of eighteen dollars good money. He said he would meet me at the right time and place; that I was in good hands now; and that he was busy.

"I am in prison, sister dear, and I don't know what will be my fate. All my money was taken from me by the officer who arrested me, and I can do nothing but let you know the facts. If father were not helpless he would be able to help me; as it is, he can think; and some kind soul, I trust, will be able to carry out his suggestions. Keep up your courage, Clara dear, and tell father and mother that I am cheerful in my affliction. Write at once, and tell me what father says.

"Your loving brother,

"William Bentley."

I waited for my father to finish his dinner, and then I called mother and showed her the letter. Grieved and alarmed as she was, she endured all till my father had slept his usual hour after his dinner.

Before I tell my readers what my father said to the letter I must say something of our conditions. My father had been a merchant in Medway for many years. He was ruined by the credit system. After losing almost every thing he came to the village of Rosalba, where we now lived. He bought the cottage in which my mother was born. He paid one half its value, and depended on collecting the debts due to him in Medway and the vicinity to pay the other half. My brother wished to study to be a physician, and our uncle was considered the best medical man in Rosalba, and in our poverty he could very greatly assist us by helping my brother in his education. We had lived two years in the cottage. The first year we rented, the second we bought it.

We had let the garden belonging to the cottage for half its produce, and I had taught school in summer; and thus, with a very little money that my father had collected, we were supported. We lived in a hard, grudging economy that no one knew of, not even my uncle. He was doing what he could for my brother; more than we would have been willing to accept from any other. The spectre always before us was the half payment for our cottage, which remained to be made. And we lost all if we did not pay the remainder at a time specified, and which was drawing near. We looked to the success of my brother's efforts in this collecting tour to secure us the shelter of our cottage home. Food we trusted would come. The ravens are fed; and we hoped and looked forward to the time when my brother should be a successful physician, as our uncle was now.

What a terrible blow had fallen on our devoted heads! Our sole hope, our idolized William, was in a prison, accused of a crime that, if not disproved, might consign him to a penitentiary for years, and blast his prospects forever.

My mother and I were wild with grief. My father was quiet, but very sad. His disease, which was palsy of the lower limbs, caused by a fall from his horse, had left his mind clear as when he was in health.

"We must do what we can," said he, "and be comforted that we know William is innocent. Now, Clara, you must go to Judge Bixby. I will write a note to him. He will come here and consult with me, or he will advise me in some way. I have notes against Mix for three hundred dollars, besides the one William had with him, which was for two hundred and fifty. These notes are so many probabilities against him. We must have some person to go to Medway."

I wanted to say that Philip Melvin would go, but I dared not speak his name. He was a student, reading law with Judge Bixby. He had paid me the attentions of a lover till my parents forbade me to receive them. My parents were proud of their ancestry. They were proud of the former position, and prouder than all of the Puritan principles and practices of their progenitors.

Now Philip Melvin was disgraced from his birth. He was an illegitimate child. His mother was a simple country-girl, who had died of a broken heart soon after his birth, and she had never revealed the name of Philip's father. She had died in the almshouse, and there her boy remained until he was seven years old. A lady visited the house when he had just reached his seventh birthday, and asked for Philip. She wept bitterly, it was said, over the beautiful child, and then she went to Judge Bixby, and from that time he became as one of the children of the good and wise Judge. Philip proved worthy of all the care and education which were bestowed on him with liberal as well as paternal kindness; but notwithstanding all, he was regarded as one who before his birth had

"fallen into a pit of ink,
From which the wide sea could not wash him clean again"

I believe I loved Philip all the better because every body seemed to keep the bitter fact of his birth in their memory. He was nearly twenty-one years old. I was seventeen. I had never disobeyed my parents, and I regarded my mother as a superior being. I was required to treat Philip as a stranger; and I could give him no explanation without wounding him more than I could ever bear to wound him. Poor fellow! I did not doubt that he regarded his birth as the mark of Cain upon him. How could I ever allude to the terrible fact? He saved me from my trouble by a manly frankness, which greatly increased my respect and love for him. One day I met him in a lonely road, in the neighborhood of the village. He stopped me.

"Clara," said he, "I have a word to say to you."

The blood rushed to my face, a burning flood.

"You have said that you loved me," said he.

"I have," I whispered, hardly so as to be heard.

"Have you changed?" asked Philip.

"NO," said I, aloud, and with energy.

"Do you shun me of your own free-will?"

"No, Philip."

"Your parents require it of you, and—your brother also wishes you to shun me?"

"Yes," I said, bravely, and yet with trembling.

"Because—" He could not utter the words.

He looked at me appealingly. I answered his thought.

"Yes, Philip; but I love you better for your great sorrow. I love you better for all the affliction Providence has permitted to come upon you."

"I thank you," said he, solemnly. "Clara, if we are faithful to our love our time will come. We shall be happy together some day."

I was silent.

"Do you not believe it?"

"I hope for it," I replied.

"Do not go yet," said he, as I was about to pass on; "do not go till you have promised me to be faithful to this love."

"I can be faithful only to my parents," said I, bursting into tears; "but I will never love any one but you, Philip, unless you forget me. Now let me go."

"Our time will come," said he; and I went on my way.

I never saw him again, to speak to him, till the day I went to Judge Bixby with my father's note. I met him on the way, and I stopped and told him our great sorrow. I could not do otherwise, for my heart turned to him with the hope of help.

"Go to the Judge," said he; "I will be there by the time he has read and considered your father's note."

Judge Bixby read the note, and was very much disturbed by it.

"This is very bad," said he. "We must send some one at once to Medway. William must be released; Philip will go to him. There he is now," said he, as he saw him through the window. Philip came in presently.

"Melvin, will you go to Medway to-night?" said the Judge.

"Certainly, if you wish it," said Philip.

Judge Bixby took his pen and wrote for some minutes; then he folded and addressed his letter without sealing it. Then he wrote a note to my father. He then turned to Philip, saying,

"You will go to Mr. Bentley, and get the notes which he has against Mix. Show this letter to him, which I have written to a legal friend of mine in Medway. If Mr. Bentley thinks of any thing more that he wishes me to write, you can return to me; otherwise, you had better go on to Medway to-night. I think you will do well to stay at Mix's tavern, and when you pay your bill offer him this note." He took a fifty-dollar note from his pocket, and handed it to Philip. "He has been so successful of late he may give you one of those twenty-dollar notes in change for this, if you appear to be a stranger merely passing over the road. Rascals are very often fools."

Philip and I went out together. At the door he said, "I will bid you good-by, and hasten to your father. You can come at your leisure. You may be sure I shall do my best, and you know for whose sake I do it."

His words comforted me in my great sorrow. I went home slowly, not wishing to arrive till Philip was gone. I met him at the door. He took my hand, pressed it in silence, and went away. My parents said little, and did not allude to the fact that Philip had gone to Medway.

I retired early, but spent the night in sleepless agony. I prayed for my poor brother in prison, and for all other prisoners. I felt sure that Philip would do William no good. I was glad to find in the morning that my father hoped that much good would result from his efforts. It was Tuesday evening when Philip left. He would arrive in Medway at two o'clock the next morning. By Friday we ought to hear from him. The day came, but no letter. I was indescribably miserable, and my father and mother were very anxious. I could not speak freely to my parents. The night previous I had passed through an experience strange to many, but the like of it had happened to me several times. I could not speak of it at home, and my heart seemed like to break that I could not. Finally I determined to go to Judge Bixby with my secret. As there was no news from my brother, I asked leave to go to the Judge, ostensibly to make inquiries.

Judge Bixby seemed to pity me very much when I came into his office.

"Have you heard any thing from my brother?" said I.

"Yes, dear," said he; and then he seemed sorry he had made the admission. "The fact is, Miss Clara, we have been quite put back in our proceedings; but we hope to have good news for you by Monday, or Tuesday—certainly by Wednesday."

I wished so much to tell him my experience, but I feared he would think me crazed, or untruthful. But the necessity to unburden my heart to some one constrained me, and I said,

"I want to tell you, Judge, what I saw last night. As I lay in my bed, looking into the darkness, I saw Philip. I shut my eyes and put my hands over them; but still I saw Philip Melvin. He was in a large room, in a kind of hotel; there was no lock on the door, and he tried to fasten the door with his knife; but I saw he had failed to do it effectually. The knife-blade broke nearly off, but the handle did not fall away. He could not see this, but I saw it. And I saw through the door, and saw a man on the outside of the door, in the hall. It was half-past two in the morning, as I saw by Philip's watch. He took off his coat and hung it beside a chair, and then lay down in his clothes. Presently he fell into a heavy sleep. I felt perfectly sure that a cup of coffee he had taken when he came in had some kind of sleeping-powder in it. As he slept, I saw a bad-looking man come into the room; he had a complexion almost like a mulatto, and only one eye. It was perfectly dark in the room, and yet I saw him come in as plainly as I had seen Philip before he put out his light. He took Philip's coat and examined the pockets; he took out the pocket-book, laid the coat again across the chair, and then he went out. 'Ah!' thought I, 'my poor brother is ruined now;' for I knew that your letter was in that pocket-book, and I supposed the notes given to my father by Mix were there also. I was in despair, but I followed the man from the room; he had left his light outside the door. He took up the light and went to a distant room, and locked himself in; I saw him take that fifty-dollar note from the pocket-book; I read 'Merrimac Bank' on it with perfect ease; then he took your letter to that lawyer in Medway, and read it, and then, holding it in the candle, he burned it; he took out several other papers, but I did not clearly see what they were. All this may seem false and foolish to you, Judge, but I am sure it all really happened. Something within me assures me that it is all true—that it has happened to Philip Melvin, and if you ever see him, I believe he will tell you so."

The Judge was reputed a skeptic in religion, and I feared very much I should get only his contempt for my relation. When I had finished he said very kindly,

"All this is very strange and curious. Mix has but one eye, and he has had fever and ague till he looks like a mulatto. Young Melvin was here yesterday; he had lost his pocket-book containing my letter to my legal friend, also he had lost the fifty-dollar bank-note, which was on the Merrimac Bank. Fortunately he had put Mix's notes, and some memoranda, in the lining of his hat. He came back for another letter and further instructions. He did not see any one in Medway but the one-eyed tavern-keeper and a servant. He took the morning-train back, and I expect to hear from him on Tuesday. I had marked the bank-note, so it is probable the miserable man has stolen a rope to hang himself in taking it. Now, my little girl," said the Judge, pleasantly, "if you see any more wonders to-night, I hope they will be pleasant ones. I have had abundant evidence of the truth of the facts claimed for clairvoyance, even to the breaking of Philip's knife, which I happen to know was broken as you said. Tell your father that I have heard from Melvin; that there is some unavoidable delay; but that I shall expect to hear good news by Tuesday."

I was not again clairvoyant; but on Wednesday evening my brother and Philip Melvin came. We were all overjoyed; but my joy was greatest, I am sure, for Philip had brought him. Brother asked Philip to stay to supper, and my father and mother begged him to do so; but he said, cheerfully, that he must go directly to the Judge and give an account of himself; and he left William to tell us his own story.

My brother said, "Mix would have given us much trouble; for he gave out that the notes against him were forged. But the rascal had stolen Philip's pocket-book. It had a marked bank-note in it for fifty dollars. Our lawyer set one of Mix's creditors to dun him very sharply, and at last he told him that he would take fifty dollars for a debt of a hundred. This drew forth the marked note, and Mix is now shut up in my place. Search has been made in his house, and in a false back to his writing-desk some thousands, in bills of the same kind that he gave me, have been found."

Our great trouble was past; my brother had been honorably restored to us. But poverty was upon us like an armed man. The little money that William had been able to collect would do very little toward paying for our home; and besides, we were obliged to take it for our present support. It seemed sure that we must lose our cottage, which we had named "Sunny Home." My parents and William were greatly afflicted, but I had a presentiment of coming help. Only the day before our home must be paid for, or lost, Judge Bixby came to see my father.

"I have been very sorry, Mr. Bentley," said he, "that no one has been able to loan you the money to save your place. It is hard to be poor, and have all one's friends poor. I am happy to tell you now, at the eleventh hour, that one has come forward to advance you the money."

My father uttered an exclamation of surprise; my mother said, "Thank God!" fervently.

"But who will do this, Judge?" asked my father.

"Our young friend Philip Melvin, who has just come into possession of his father's property. When Philip was seven years old his father died. On his death-bed he told his mother of Philip, and willed his large property to him; I was appointed the boy's guardian; and as Philip was twenty-one yesterday, I delivered up my trust. Philip will be admitted to the bar soon. He has fine ability, an irreproachable character, and a larger property than any one in Rosalba. If I had a daughter to give in marriage," said the Judge, regardless of my blushes, "I would sooner give her to Philip Melvin than to any man I know."

A spasm of mental pain passed over my father's countenance. "Thank Heaven, we are saved!" he said, "and only at the expense of a false and wicked pride. Judge Bixby, will you ask Philip to call here?"

"I will," said our friend.

That evening Philip came and sat alone with my father for a while. Then my mother was admitted to the conference. "They both asked me to forgive them for their pride," said Philip to me. "I have always regarded them more in pity than in anger. I have borne my lot as patiently as I could, and Providence has been kind to me at last. Our time has come, darling Clara."

"Thank Heaven!" said I.

"You have loved me for myself, Clara; and we shall be happy. Your brother has treated me like his own brother since the day we met in Medway Jail; but he has often said to me, 'Only much affliction can ever conquer my parents' pride of family, and prejudices about birth.' And then William said, 'As if an infant were to be cursed for the sin of those who gave it life.' I replied, 'So far as such a prejudice can be made a preventive of crime it is just, and I bow to it for the sake of the innocent.' Now, Clara, since we can leave your parents comfortable, and in William's care, I wish to go where no man will ever ask who were my parents."

I respected his sorrow; and I said, "I will go to the end of the world with you, my Philip." And thus it is that our graves will be far from those of our kindred.

STEVENSON, ALABAMA.

On page 549 we give a picture of the town of Stevenson, Alabama, now occupied by our forces. The sketch from which our picture was taken was drawn by our artist, Mr. H. Mosler.

Stevenson is the junction of the Memphis and Charleston, and the Nashville and Chattanooga railroads, and is therefore a strategic position of considerable importance. Battle Creek, where Buell's advance was stationed early in the month, is ten miles from there. Stevenson itself lies in a valley encircled by the Cumberland Mountains; the Tennessee flows about three miles east of the place. In the event of any attempt being made by the Southern rebels to regain possession of Tennessee, Stevenson would be one of the first places attacked.

On the same page we illustrate the Erection of Stockades for Defense by Negroes. Under the new Act of Congress all negroes who come into our lines are set to work at once on fortifications, and paid wages and freed as a reward for their labor. At and near Stevenson very extensive works are being erected; some 400 negroes are employed. John Contraband takes kindly to the work.

THE BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

We publish on pages 552 and 553 a large picture of the Battle of Cedar Mountain, from a sketch by our special artist, Mr. Alfred R. Waud. We subjoin General Pope's official account of the battle:

Head-quarters, Army of Virginia, Cedar Mountain, Aug. 13—5 p.m.

To Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:

On Thursday morning the enemy crossed the Rapidan, at Barnett's Ford, in heavy force, and advanced strong on the road to Culpepper and Madison Court House. I had established my whole force on the turnpike between Culpepper and Sperryville, ready to concentrate at either place as soon as the enemy's plans were developed.

Early on Friday it became apparent that the move on

Madison Court House was merely a feint to detain the army corps of General Siegel at Sperryville, and that the main attack of the enemy would be at Culpepper, to which place I had thrown forward part of Generals Banks's and M'Dowell's corps. Brigadier-General Bayard, with part of the rear of M'Dowell's corps, who was in the advance, near the Rapidan, fell slowly back, delaying and embarrassing the enemy's advance as far as possible, and capturing some of his men.

The forces of Generals Banks and Siegel, and one of the divisions of General M'Dowell's corps, were rapidly concentrated at Culpepper during Friday and Friday night, Banks's corps being pushed forward five miles south of Culpepper, with Ricketts's division of M'Dowell's corps three miles in his rear.

The corps of General Siegel, which had marched all night, was halted in Culpepper, to rest for a few hours.

On Saturday the enemy advanced rapidly to Cedar Mountain, the sides of which they occupied in heavy force.

General Banks was instructed to take up his position on the ground occupied by Crawford's brigade, of his command, which had been thrown out the day previous to observe the enemy's movements. He was directed not to advance beyond that point, and if attacked by the enemy to defend his position and send back timely notice.

It was my desire to have time to give the corps of General Siegel all the rest possible after their forced march, and to bring forward all the forces at my disposal.

The artillery of the enemy was opened early in the afternoon; but he made no advance until nearly five o'clock, at which time a few skirmishers were thrown forward on each side under cover of the heavy wood in which his force was concealed.

The enemy pushed forward a strong force in the rear of his skirmishers, and General Banks advanced to the attack.

The engagement did not fairly open until after six o'clock, but for an hour and a half was furious and unceasing.

Throughout the cannonading, which at first was desultory, and directed mainly against the cavalry, I had continued to receive reports from General Banks that no attack was apprehended, and that no considerable infantry force of the enemy had come forward.

Yet toward evening the increase in the artillery firing having satisfied me an engagement might be at hand, though the lateness of the hour rendered it unlikely, I ordered General M'Dowell to advance Ricketts's division to support General Banks, and directed General Siegel to bring his men upon the ground as soon as possible.

I arrived personally on the field at seven P.M., and found the action raging furiously. The infantry firing was incessant and severe.

I found General Banks holding the position he took up early in the morning. His losses were heavy.

Ricketts's division was immediately pushed forward, and occupied the right of General Banks, the brigades of Crawford and Gordon being directed to change their position from the right and mass themselves in the centre.

Before this change could be effected it was quite dark, though the artillery fire continued at short range without intermission.

The artillery fire at night, by the Second and Fifth Maine batteries in Ricketts's division, of General M'Dowell's corps, was most destructive, as was readily observable the next morning in the dead men and horses and broken gun-carriages of the enemy's battery which had been advanced against it.

Our troops rested on their arms during the night in line of battle, the heavy shelling being kept up on both sides until midnight.

At daylight the next morning the enemy fell back two miles from our front, and still higher up the mountain.

Our pickets at once advanced and occupied the ground.

The fatigue of the troops, from long marches and excessive heat, made it impossible for either side to resume the action on Sunday. The men were, therefore, allowed to rest and recruit the whole day, our only active operation being of cavalry on the enemy's flank and rear.

Monday was spent in burying the dead and in getting off the wounded.

The slaughter was severe on both sides, most of the fighting being hand to hand.

The dead bodies of both armies were found mingled together, in masses, over the whole ground of the conflict.

The burying of the dead was not completed until dark on Monday, the heat being so terrible that severe work was not possible.

On Monday night the enemy fled from the field, leaving many of his dead unburied and his wounded on the ground and along the road to Orange Court House, as will be seen from General Buford's dispatch.

A cavalry and artillery force, under General Buford, was immediately thrown forward in pursuit, and followed the enemy to the Rapidan, over which he passed with his rear-guard by ten o'clock in the morning.

The behavior of General Banks's corps during the action was very fine. No greater gallantry and daring could be exhibited by any troops.

I can not speak too highly of the coolness and intrepidity of General Banks himself during the whole of the engagement. He was in front and exposed as much as any man in his command. His example was of the greatest benefit to his troops, and he merits and should receive the commendation of his Government.

Generals Williams, Augur, Gordon, Crawford, Prince, Green, and Geary behaved with conspicuous gallantry.

Augur and Geary were severely wounded, and Prince, by losing his way in the dark, while passing from one flank to another, fell into the hands of the enemy.

I desire publicly to express my appreciation of the prompt and skillful manner in which Generals M'Dowell and Siegel brought forward their respective commands and established them on the field, and of their cheerful and hearty co-operation with me from beginning to end.

Brigadier-General Roberts, Chief of Cavalry of this army, was with the advance of our forces on Friday and Saturday, and was conspicuous for his gallantry and for the valuable aid he rendered to Generals Banks and Crawford.

Our loss was about fifteen hundred killed, wounded, and missing, of whom two hundred and ninety were taken prisoners. As might be expected from the character of the engagement, a very large proportion of these were killed.

The enemy's loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, we are now satisfied, is much in excess of our own.

A full list of casualties will be transmitted as soon as possible, together with a detailed report, in which I shall endeavor to do justice to all.

JOHN POPE,
Major-General Commanding.

The following account from a *Herald* correspondent, who was an eye-witness of the fight, will also be found interesting:

EARLY IN THE MORNING

General Pope had sent General Banks's command to the front, and the divisions of Generals Augur and Williams were placed in position about a mile and a half this side the ground which had been the scene of the skirmish of the previous day.

SUBSEQUENTLY, IN THE AFTERNOON,

Crawford's brigade, of General Williams's division, composed of the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania, Tenth Maine, Fifth Connecticut, and Twenty-eighth New York regiments, with Best's battery of Regulars, moved forward and occupied a piece of high ground lying between Cedar Creek and Crooked River, some four miles north of the point where the Culpepper and Gordonsville turnpike crosses the Rapidan River. About three-fourths of a mile south of this point rises the Cedar Mountain, a spur of the great Thoroughfare Range. It was from the slope of this eminence that the enemy first opened their fire upon the Union troops.

THE FIRST INTIMATION OF THE ENEMY.

The first intimation our advance received of the presence of the enemy was at the moment when, after emerging from the timber on the north, it began to cross Spring Creek. At once a battery of heavy guns, posted in the thick timber half-way up the mountain side, belched upon the troops both shot and shell, while another battery of smaller guns at the foot of the mountain gave them a similar reception from the cover of some timber about three-eighths of a mile to the westward.

OUR REPLY.

Preparations were at once made to reply to these civilities, and Best's battery of Parrott guns was immediately planted on the crest of the rising ground we occupied, and began replying to the two batteries of the enemy. In the mean time the infantry were posted in line of battle on the right of the battery, and cheerfully awaited the order which would bring them more actively into the deadly conflict.

THE PERSISTENT FIRING OF THE REBELS.

For half an hour at least the enemy maintained a continuous fire from both their batteries, replied to in rapid succession by Captain Best's, when there opened simultaneously three other rebel batteries, posted in as many different localities, opposite our front and right.

THE REBEL INFANTRY APPEAR.

For some time this contest of shot and shell was kept up; but at five o'clock the rebel infantry were discovered in strong force upon our right and in front, supporting the rebel batteries. The fact was at once communicated by rapid couriers to the main body of our troops. Immediately the division of General Augur, with the remainder of General Williams's division, were thrown forward with prompt dispatch, and posted advantageously upon the right of General Crawford, and directly fronting the dense timber where the rebel infantry, in strong force, were plainly visible.

GENERAL BANKS NOW RODE ON TO THE FIELD

and directed the operations, the best possible disposition being made for the continuation of the fight now inevitable, and each moment developing in proportions. The manner in which he handled his troops and provided for every emergency, together with the personal gallantry he displayed, being constantly under fire, are subjects of general commendation with officers and men.

GENERAL GEARY IN ADVANCE—BRAVERY OF THE COMMAND.

General Geary's brigade, of General Augur's division, had the advance, which through the brunt of the first part of the day's fight it maintained with skill and courage. This gallant brigade consisted of the Fifth Ohio, Seventh Ohio, Twenty-ninth Ohio, Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania, and Snapp's battery. No sooner had these troops formed in order of battle than the rebels opened musketry fire upon them from two sides and in front, while the rebel batteries also directed their death-dealing missiles among the brave fellows, that on the mountain being very destructive in its effects. Notwithstanding this terrible concentrated fire, the troops, under their courageous General (Geary), never faltered or winced.

THE BATTLE BECOMES GENERAL.

It was not till half past five that the battle became general. Then artillery replied to artillery, musketry to musketry, while infantry met infantry in repeated shocks of deadly strife. Reckless valor and desperation marked the progress of the fight, which continued without pause or lull, with terrible cannonading, until darkness put a stop to the carnage. I have witnessed many battles during this war, but I have seen none where the tenacious obstinacy of the American character was so fully displayed.

THE DETERMINATION OF OUR TROOPS.

Our troops fought with the coolness and valor of veterans, standing up to the fight unfalteringly and unblenchingly in the teeth of a raking and destructive fire of cannon and musketry. No sooner did a volley of musketry or a discharge of artillery mow down the ranks of a regiment than the wide gaps were filled up and new fronts presented.

OUR ARTILLERY PLAY WITH EFFECT.

Once informed of the position of the enemy in force, our artillery opened with terrible effect upon them, compelling regiment after regiment to break and fall back out of range, within the shelter of the dense timber.

DEATH OF THE REBEL GENERALS WINDER AND TRIMBLE.

As regiments thus fell back fresh troops were in quick succession brought up to confront the deadly storm of iron hail from the Union guns, and it was while leading up some of these fresh regiments that Generals Winder and Trimble were killed.

THE REBEL ARTILLERY—CHARGES AND CAPTURE OF REBEL GUNS.

The rebel artillery was served with deadly effect, and at one time it was determined to take one battery that gave the greatest annoyance by the bayonet. A portion of the District of Columbia troops charged most gallantly one of these batteries, and succeeded in taking two of the rebel guns, with but little loss to our brave men. Portions of Augur's and Williams's divisions, including Crawford's and Gordon's brigades, made three dashing bayonet charges upon the rebel artillery. Each time the brave fellows were repulsed with loss, the enemy's overpowering infantry support being too much for our troops to cope with; but uncowed and undauntedly they returned to the charge with increased desperation and renewed vigor. The terrible and continuous infantry fire from the woods with which they were met each time demonstrated unmistakably that our forces were greatly outnumbered by the foe.

THE EIGHTH AND TWELFTH REGULARS,

attached to General Banks's corps, commanded by Captain Pitcher, did excellent service. Captain Pitcher was wounded severely, though not dangerously, in the knee, by a musket-shot; but he nevertheless kept the field at the head of his men until the close of the conflict.

THE INFANTRY CEASE FIRING.

With the setting in of night the musketry firing ceased, but the artillery on the mountain kept up an intermittent firing until near midnight. At twilight our troops withdrew to a small copse of wood, about half a mile to the rear of their first position, where they were joined soon after by the corps of Generals M'Dowell and Siegel, who formed on their rear. It was then that the hungry and wearied troops of General Banks were relieved by portions of these fresh troops. The former fell back half a mile, where, in a pleasant clover field, they rested on their arms from the fatigues of the day.

A BRILLIANT NIGHT.

The night was unusually lustrous, a bright moon shedding its radiance all around, and causing all prominent objects to be as plainly distinguishable as in the day. In the west loomed up Thoroughfare Mountain, from whose peak flashed at intervals a rebel signal light, indicative of the presence of the enemy, and to us, at the time, an assurance that the conflict of the past day would be resumed on even a larger scale, and with casualties and losses proportionate to the increased numbers to be engaged.

BATON ROUGE.

WE publish on page 556 a view of BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA, the capital of the State, from a sketch by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis. Baton Rouge is or was a town of some 4000 inhabitants, on the left bank of the Mississippi, some 140 miles from New Orleans. It was called Baton Rouge (Red Stick) from the fact that a Spanish family residing here were murdered by the Chickasaw Indians, and their heads stuck on poles, where they were subsequently found by the French.

On 4th August the rebels, under Breckinridge and Lovell, made an attack upon our forces at Baton Rouge. The rebels had 15,000 men; we about 4000, under General Williams, who was killed by a cannon-shot at the commencement of the fight. The fight lasted three hours, and the rebels were repulsed. A correspondent of the *Herald* says:

General Williams, in command of our forces, was killed, a cannon-ball taking his head completely off. Our loss was about 250 in killed and wounded, including several field-officers wounded.

The rebel loss is said to be greater than ours. We captured a number of prisoners, among them Captain Blount, an artillery officer, and a member of Breckinridge's staff. Blount has been brought to this city. The prisoners state that Breckinridge lost his right arm. Lovell was killed, and Captains Allen and Chain, of Baton Rouge, and a lieutenant were killed. It is reported that we lost two guns and captured three. The last report is that we have lost no guns. Our force is much smaller than the enemy's.

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EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

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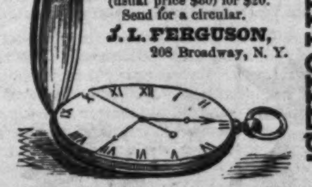

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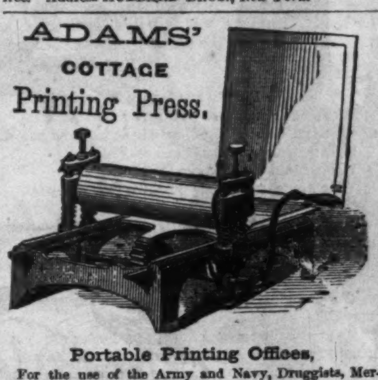

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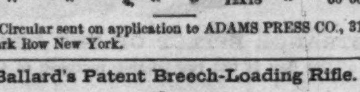

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